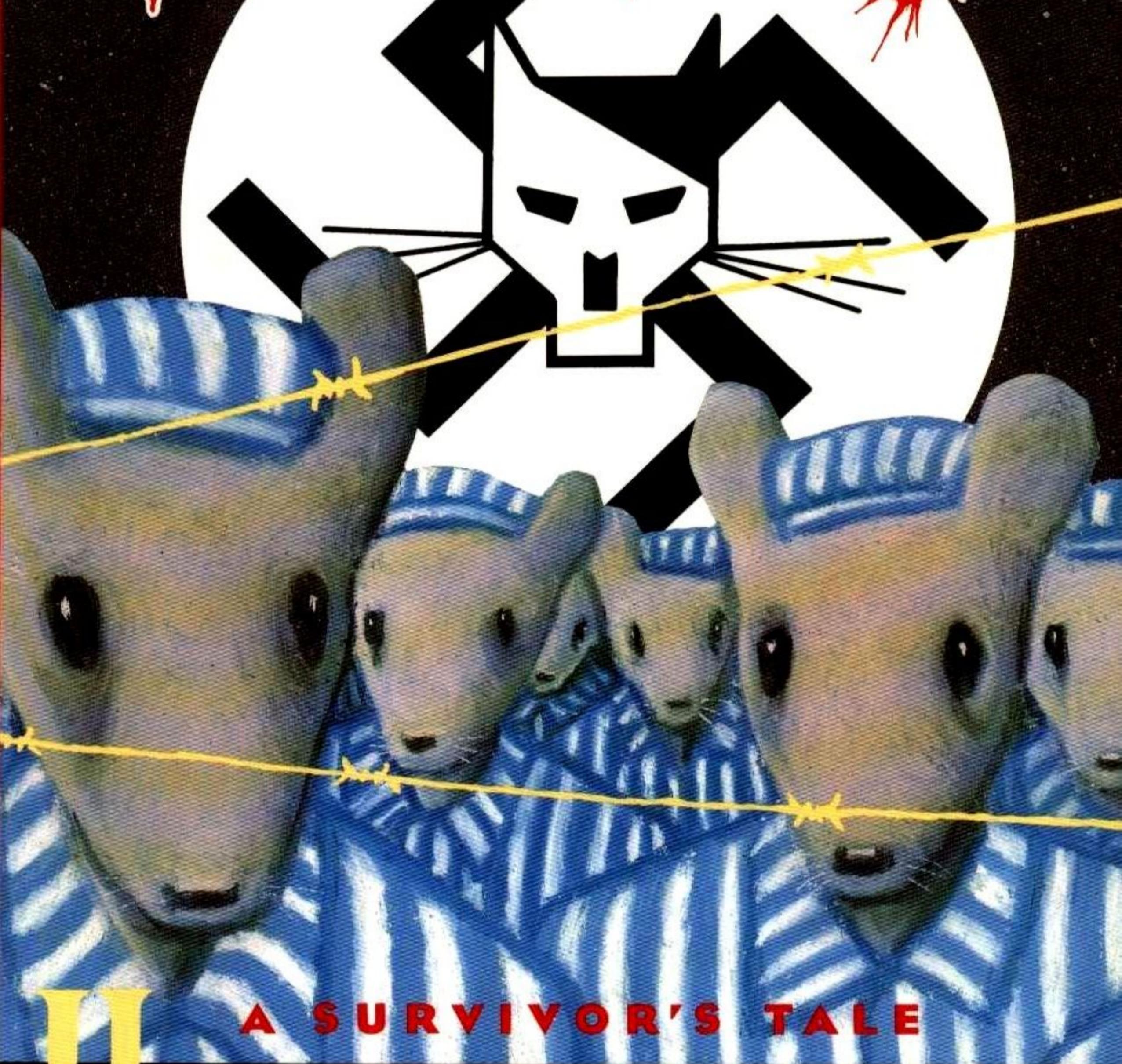


art spiegelman

MAUS



II

A SURVIVOR'S TALE

AND HERE MY TROUBLES BEGAN

FPT

\$18.00 U.S.A.
\$23.50 Can.



Acclaimed as a "quiet triumph"** and a "brutally moving work of art,"** the first volume of Art Spiegelman's *Maus* introduced readers to Vladek Spiegelman, a Jewish survivor of Hitler's Europe, and his son, a cartoonist trying to come to terms with his father, his father's terrifying story, and History itself. Its form, the cartoon (the Nazis are cats, the Jews mice), succeeds perfectly in shocking us out of any lingering sense of familiarity with the events described, approaching, as it does, the unspeakable through the diminutive. As the *New York Times Book Review* commented, "[it is] a remarkable feat of documentary detail and novelistic vividness...an unfolding literary event."

This long-awaited sequel, subtitled *And Here My Troubles Began*, moves us from the barracks of Auschwitz to the bungalows of the Catskills. Genuinely tragic and comic by turns, it attains a complexity of theme and a precision of thought new to comics and rare in any medium. *Maus* ties together two powerful stories: Vladek's harrowing tale of survival against all odds, delineating the paradox of daily life in the death camps, and the author's account of his tortured relationship with his aging father.

Vladek's troubled remarriage, minor arguments between father and son, and life's everyday disappointments are all set against a backdrop of history too large to pacify. At every level this is the ultimate survivor's tale — and that too of the children who somehow survive even the survivors.



Banana
The Mouse

MAUS





MAUIS

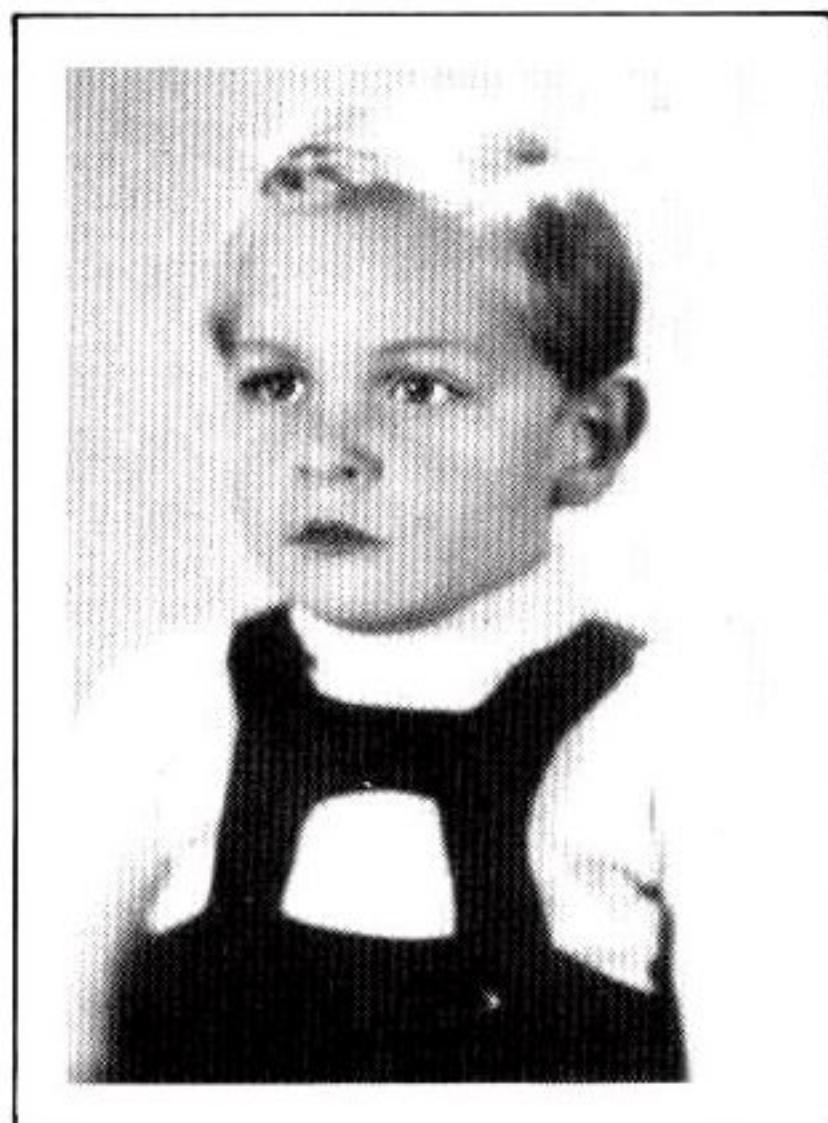
A SURVIVOR'S TALE

AND HERE
MY TROUBLES
BEGAN

art spiegelman

PANTHEON BOOKS NEW YORK

F O R R I C H I E U



A N D F O R N A D J A



ART SPIEGELMAN, a cartoonist born after WW II, is working on a book about what happened to his parents as Jews in wartime Poland. He has made a series of visits to his childhood home in Rego Park, N.Y., to record his father's memories. Art's mother,

Anja, committed suicide in 1968. Art becomes furious when he learns that his father, VLADEK, has burned Anja's wartime memoirs. Vladek is remarried to Mala, another survivor. She complains often of his stinginess and lack of concern for her. Vladek, a diabetic who has suffered two heart attacks, is in poor health.



In Poland, Vladek had been a small-time textile salesman. In 1937 he married Anja Zylberberg, the youngest daughter of a wealthy Sosnowiec hosiery family. They had a son, Richie, who died during the war. Forced first into ghettos, then into hiding, Vladek and Anja tried to escape to Hungary with their prewar acquaint-

ances, the Mandelbaums, whose nephew, Abraham, had attested in a letter that the escape route was safe. They were caught and, in March, 1944, they were brought to the gates of Auschwitz.

AND HERE MY TROUBLES BEGAN

(FROM MAUSCHWITZ TO THE CATSKILLS AND BEYOND)

CONTENTS

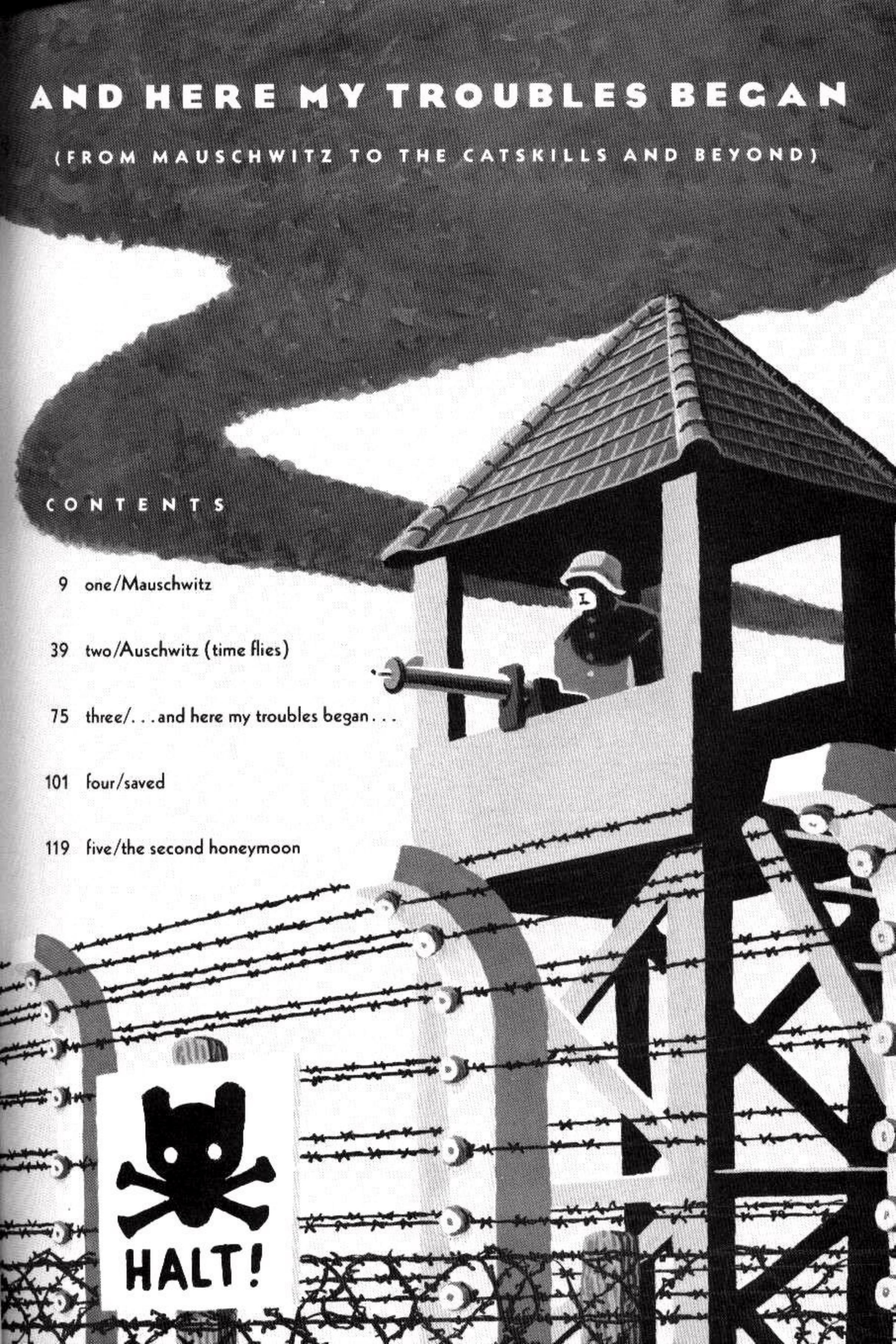
9 one/Mauschwitz

39 two/Auschwitz (time flies)

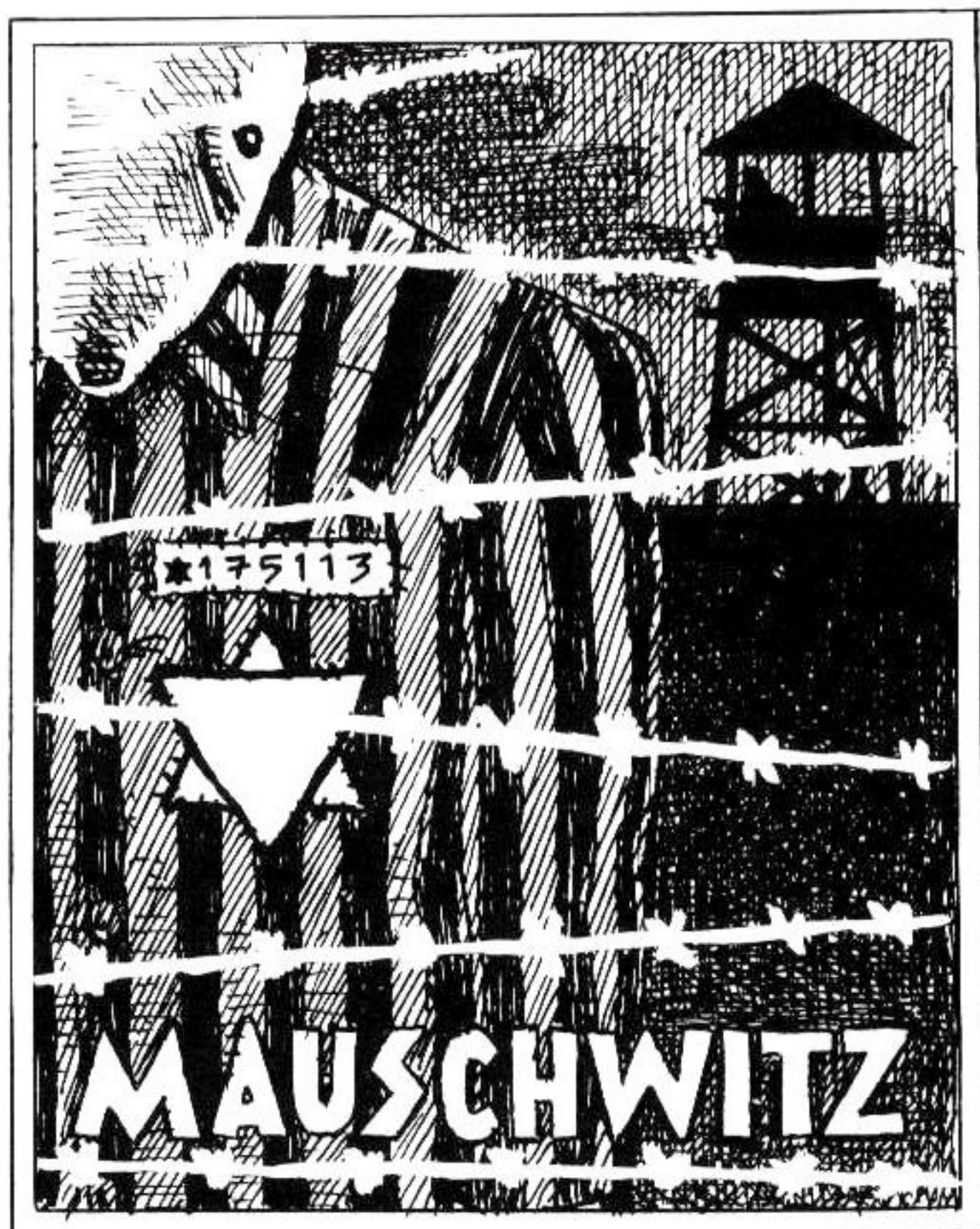
75 three/...and here my troubles began...

101 four/saved

119 five/the second honeymoon

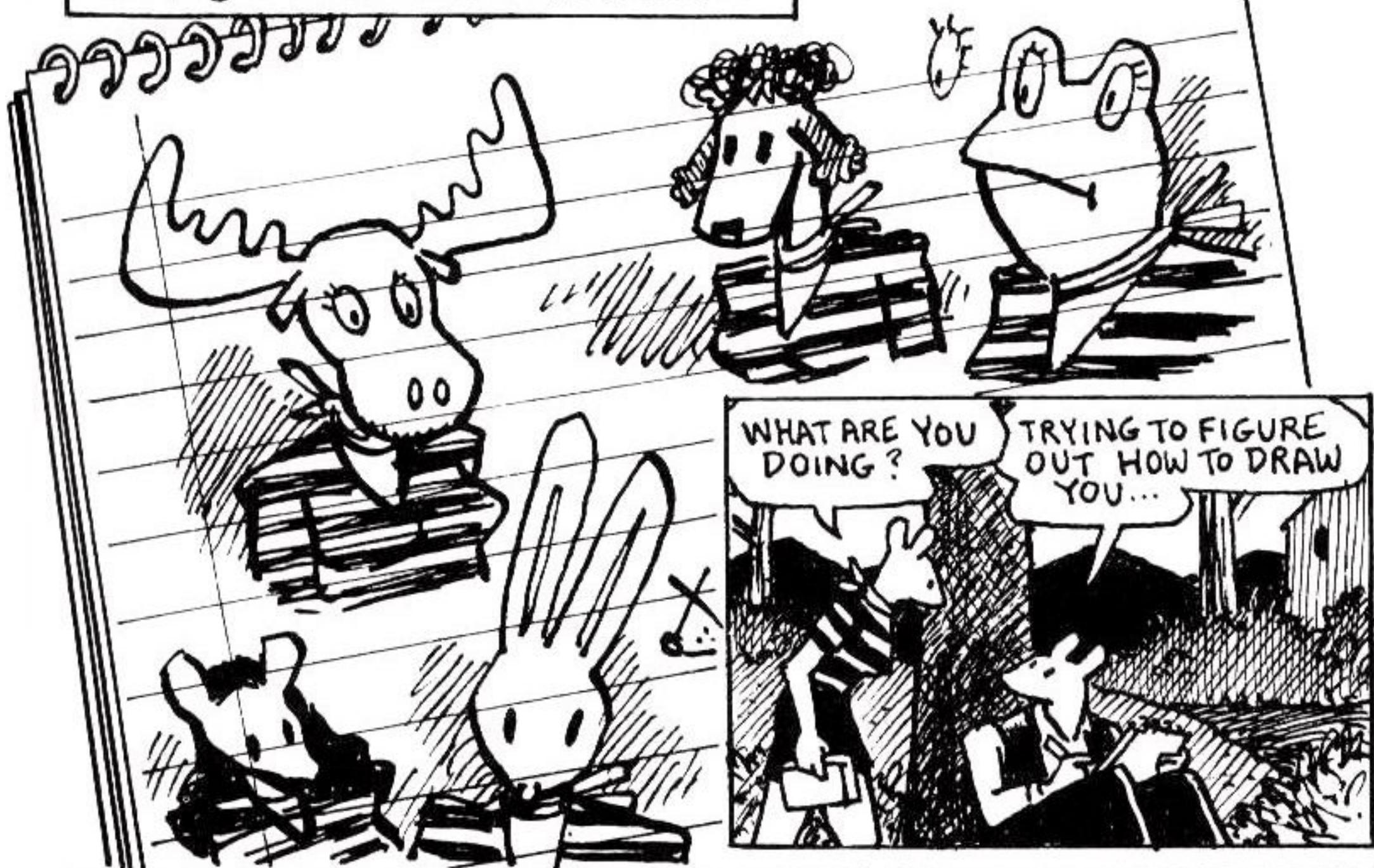


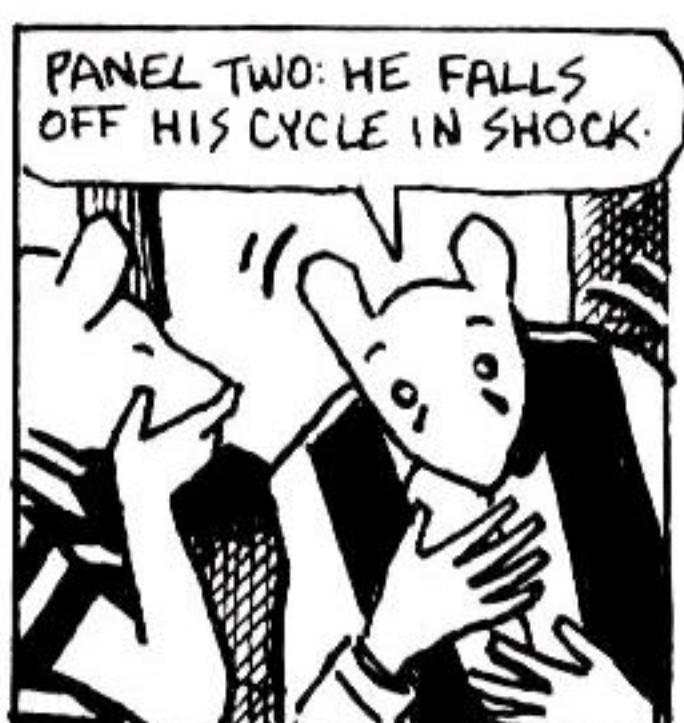
C H A P T E R O N E



Summer vacation. Françoise and I were staying with friends in Vermont...

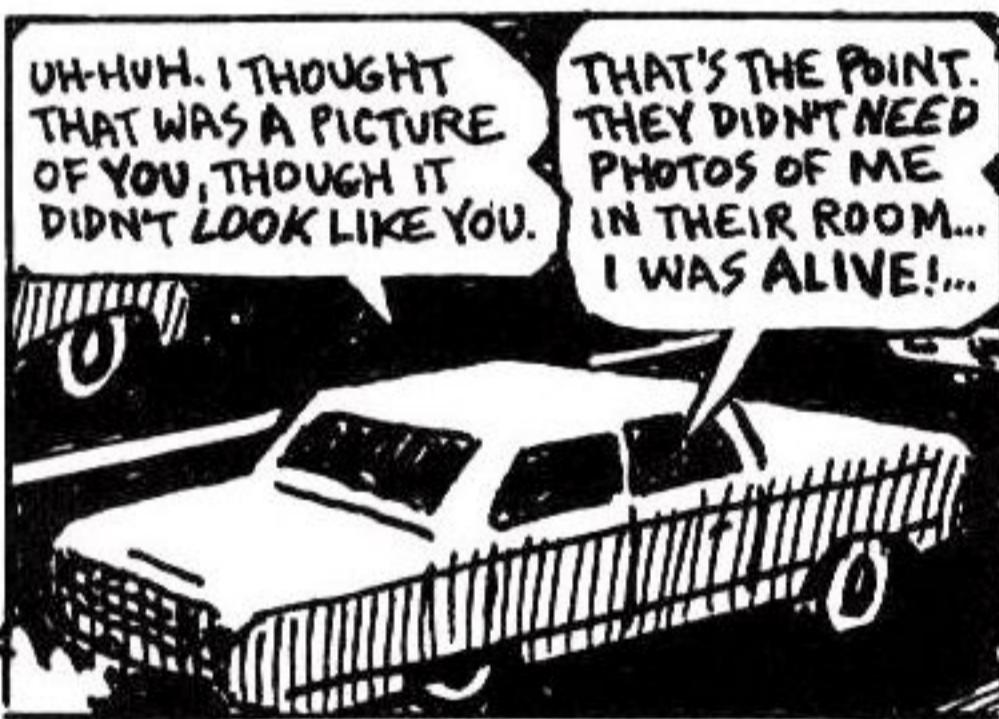
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I NEVER FELT GUILTY ABOUT RICHIEU. BUT I DID HAVE NIGHTMARES ABOUT S.S. MEN COMING INTO MY CLASS AND DRAGGING ALL US JEWISH KIDS AWAY.



DON'T GET ME WRONG. I WASN'T OBSESSED WITH THIS STUFF ...

IT'S JUST THAT SOMETIMES I'D FANTASIZE ZYKLON B COMING OUT OF OUR SHOWER INSTEAD OF WATER.



I KNOW THIS IS INSANE, BUT I SOMEHOW WISH I HAD BEEN IN AUSCHWITZ WITH MY PARENTS SO I COULD REALLY KNOW WHAT THEY LIVED THROUGH!

...I GUESS IT'S SOME KIND OF GUILT ABOUT HAVING HAD AN EASIER LIFE THAN THEY DID.



SIGH.

I FEEL SO INADEQUATE TRYING TO RECONSTRUCT A REALITY THAT WAS WORSE THAN MY DARKEST DREAMS.



AND TRYING TO DO IT AS A COMIC STRIP! I GUESS I BIT OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW. MAYBE I OUGHT TO FORGET THE WHOLE THING.



THERE'S SO MUCH I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND OR VISUALIZE. I MEAN, REALITY IS TOO COMPLEX FOR COMICS... SO MUCH HAS TO BE LEFT OUT OR DISTORTED.

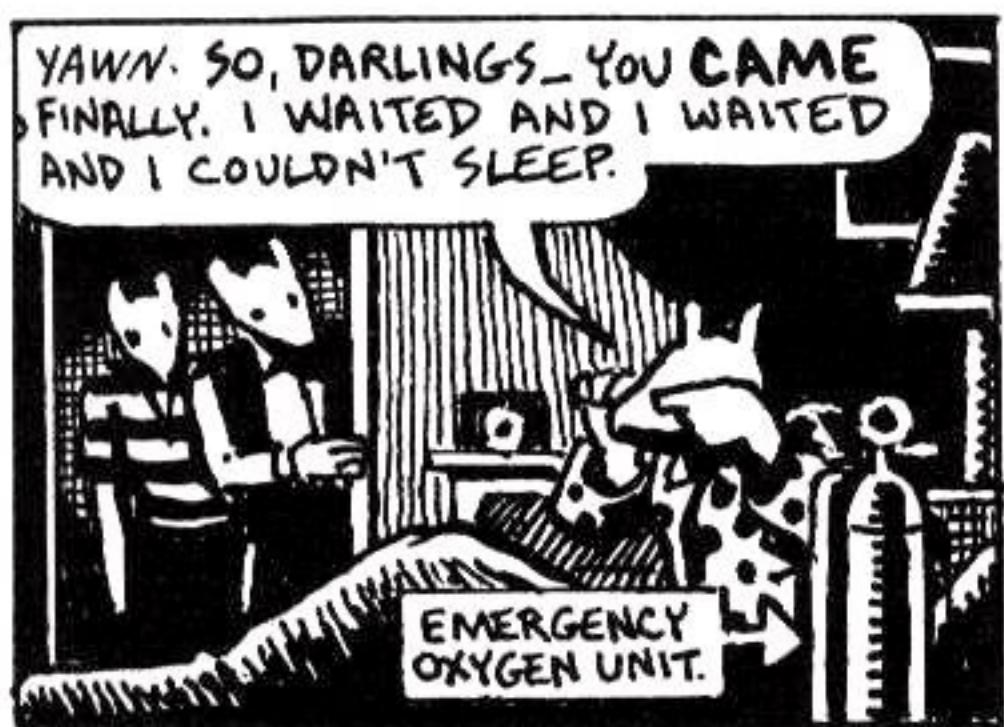
JUST KEEP IT HONEST, HONEY.

SEE WHAT I MEAN... IN REAL LIFE YOU'D NEVER HAVE LET ME TALK THIS LONG WITHOUT INTERRUPTING.

HMMPH.
LIGHT
ME A
CIGARETTE.



And so, the Catskills...







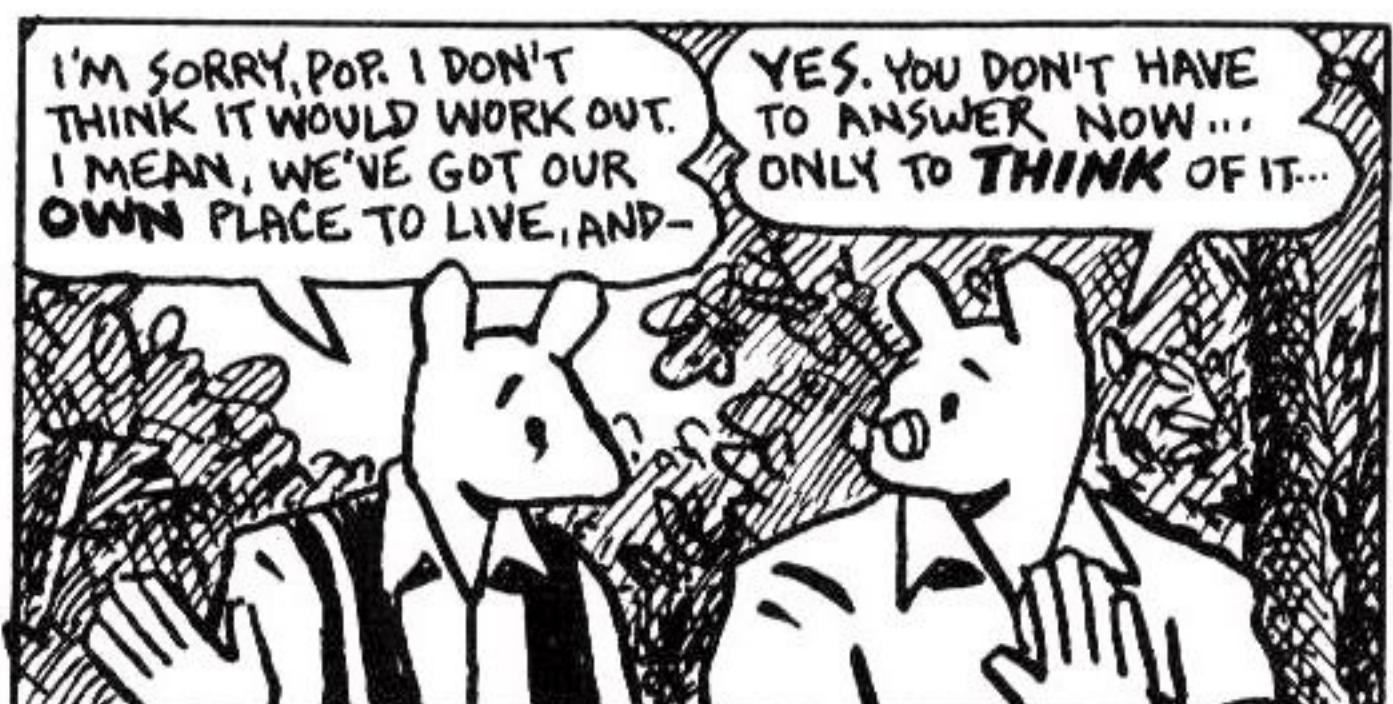






A few tense hours later...



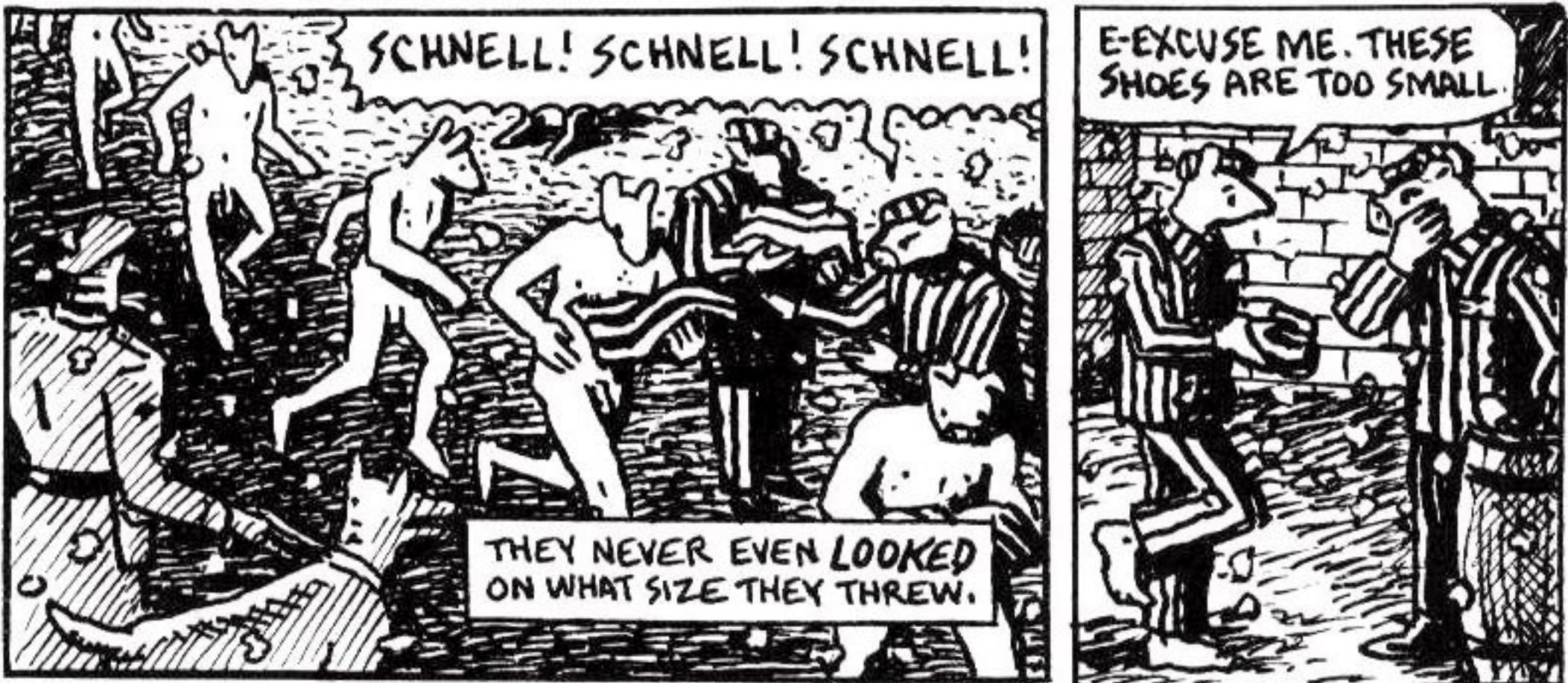




EVERWHERE WE HAD TO RUN - SO LIKE JOGTERS - AND THEY RAN US TO THE SAUNA ...



IN THE SNOW THEY THREW TO US PRISONERS CLOTHINGS. ONE GUY TRIED TO EXCHANGE.



ALL AROUND WAS A SMELL SO TERRIBLE, I CAN'T EXPLAIN... SWEETISH... SO LIKE RUBBER BURNING. AND FAT.

HERE WAS ABRAHAM—MANDELBAUM'S NEPHEW!



WE NEWCOMERS WERE PUT INSIDE A ROOM.
OLD-TIMERS PASSED AND SAID ALL THE SAME.



I WAS WORN AND SHIVERING AND CRYING A LITTLE.



BUT FROM ANOTHER ROOM SOMEONE APPROACHED OVER



FOR ME IT WAS HARD HERE,
BUT FOR MY FRIEND MANDEL-
BAUM IT WAS MORE HARD.



IN SOSNOWIEC, EVERYONE
KNEW MANDELBAUM.
HE WAS OLDER AS ME...
NICE...A VERY RICH MAN...



...BUT NOW, IN AUSCHWITZ, MANDELBAUM WAS A MESS.

HIS PANTS WERE
BIG LIKE FOR 2
PEOPLE, AND HE
HAD NOT EVEN A
PIECE OF STRING
TO MAKE A
BELT. HE HAD
ALL DAY TO
HOLD THEM
WITH ONE
HAND....

ONE SHOE WAS
BIG LIKE A BOAT.
BUT THIS AT LEAST
HE COULD WEAR.



ONE SHOE, HIS FOOT
WAS TOO BIG TO
GO IN. THIS ALSO
HE HAD TO HOLD
SO HE COULD
FIND MAYBE
WITH WHOM TO
EXCHANGE IT.

IT WAS WIN-
TER, AND
EVERWHERE
HE HAD TO
GO AROUND
WITH ONE
FOOT ONTO
THE SNOW.



CAN I USE YOUR SPOON,
VLADEK?
OF COURSE,
BUT WHERE'S
YOURS?

I DROPPED IT, AND BY THE
TIME I BENT DOWN, SOME-
ONE STOLE IT.

FOR A SPOON YOU COULD
GET A HALF DAY'S BREAD.

I SPILLED MOST OF MY
SOUP, TOO. WHEN I ASKED
FOR MORE, THEY BEAT ME!



I HOLD ONTO MY BOWL
AND MY SHOE FALLS DOWN.
I PICK UP THE SHOE AND
MY PANTS FALL DOWN...

BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
I ONLY HAVE TWO HANDS!



MY GOD. PLEASE GOD...
HELP ME FIND A PIECE OF
STRING AND A SHOE THAT FITS!



BUT HERE GOD DIDN'T COME.
WE WERE ALL ON OUR OWN.

SO, MANDELBAUM AND I WERE TWO IN A BED. WE DIDN'T KNOW WHY, SINCE IT WAS SPACES LEFT.



BUT A DAY AFTER, THEY PUSHED IN A SHIPMENT OF MAYBE 400 MORE JEWS THERE.

IT WAS ROOM HARDLY TO MOVE. ONLY TO GO DOWN TO THE TOILET WAS 15 MINUTES WALKING ON THE UNLUCKY ONES SLEEPING ON THE FLOOR.



AND COMING BACK I COULDN'T FIND AGAIN WHERE IS MY BED.

IN THE BARRACK WAS A KAPO - A SUPERVISOR - HE WAS SCREAMING AND KICKING, WHATEVER HE COULD.

LINE UP IN ROWS OF FIVE, YOU SHITS!
STAND STRAIGHT!



HE WAS ALSO A PRISONER,
A PEASANT FROM THE
GERMAN PART OF POLAND.

NOW LIE ON YOUR BELLIES. QUICK!

STAND UP:
LIE DOWN!

STAND UP!
FASTER!



LIE DOWN!

WE DID SUCH "SPORT" ALL DAY - KICKING, HITTING,
YELLING - 'TIL SOME DROPPED DEAD. THEN MORE.

ONE TIME THIS BLOCK SUPERVISOR STARTED SCREAMING ON US:

WHO KNOWS ENGLISH?
RAISE YOUR HAND!

(YOU SHOULD
RAISE YOUR
HAND, VLADEK.)

(NO...)

(I DON'T WANT TO GET TOO
CLOSE TO HIS STICK.
BESIDES, LOOK AT ALL
THE HANDS UP ALREADY...)

MANY FRENCH JEWS HERE
KNEW TO SPEAK ENGLISH.

HE TOOK THEM APART - BUT SENT THEM SOON BACK. IT WAS 8 OR 9 OF US. EACH HAD TO SPEAK A FEW WORDS.

WHO KNOWS ENGLISH
AND POLISH?

NOW IT WAS VERY FEW
HANDS, SO I APPROACHED.

WHERE... IST... DER PEN?...
DER PEN IST... IN... DER TABLE...

NEXT.

WHAT I HEARD THE OTHERS
SPEAK I SAW I HAD A CHANCE.

I SPOKE ONLY ENGLISH TO HIM: FOR POLISH, I HAD A GOOD ENGLISH

YES, I GAVE PRIVATE LESSONS
OF ENGLISH WHEN I LIVED
THEN IN CZESTOCHOWA.

YOU MANAGED TO GET THE
BERLITZ BOOKS HERE!
YOU STUDIED ALREADY
TO CONJUGATE VERBS?

LISTEN. THERE ARE TOO MANY
PRISONERS HERE. THE SS. WILL
LINE YOU ALL UP TOMORROW.
...BE SURE TO STAND
ON THE FAR LEFT.

HE WANTED TO LEARN
HERE ENGLISH!

AND HE KEPT ME
ASIDE THE REST.

IN THE MORNING, THE S.S. CHOSE WHO TO TAKE FOR THE DAY TO WORK. WEAK ONES THEY PUT ON THE SIDE TO TAKE AWAY FOREVER. BEFORE THEY CAME TO ME, THEY TOOK ENOUGH.



THE KAPO PUSHED THOSE REMAINING TO CLEAN UP IN THE BLOCK.



IT MUST BE IT'S HIS BREAKFAST. SEE HOW HAPPY HE HAS IT HERE!



I WAS AFRAID TO LOOK. I WAS SO HUNGRY, I COULD GRAB ALL OF IT!



WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? SIT DOWN AND EAT!



I ATE, ATE, ATE AS HE WATCHED. THEN I TAUGHT HIM A COUPLE HOURS AND WE SPOKE A LITTLE.





I EXPLAINED HIM EVERYTHING ABOUT MANDELBAUM.

I'M TELLING YOU - I WAS AMAZING WELL-OFF!



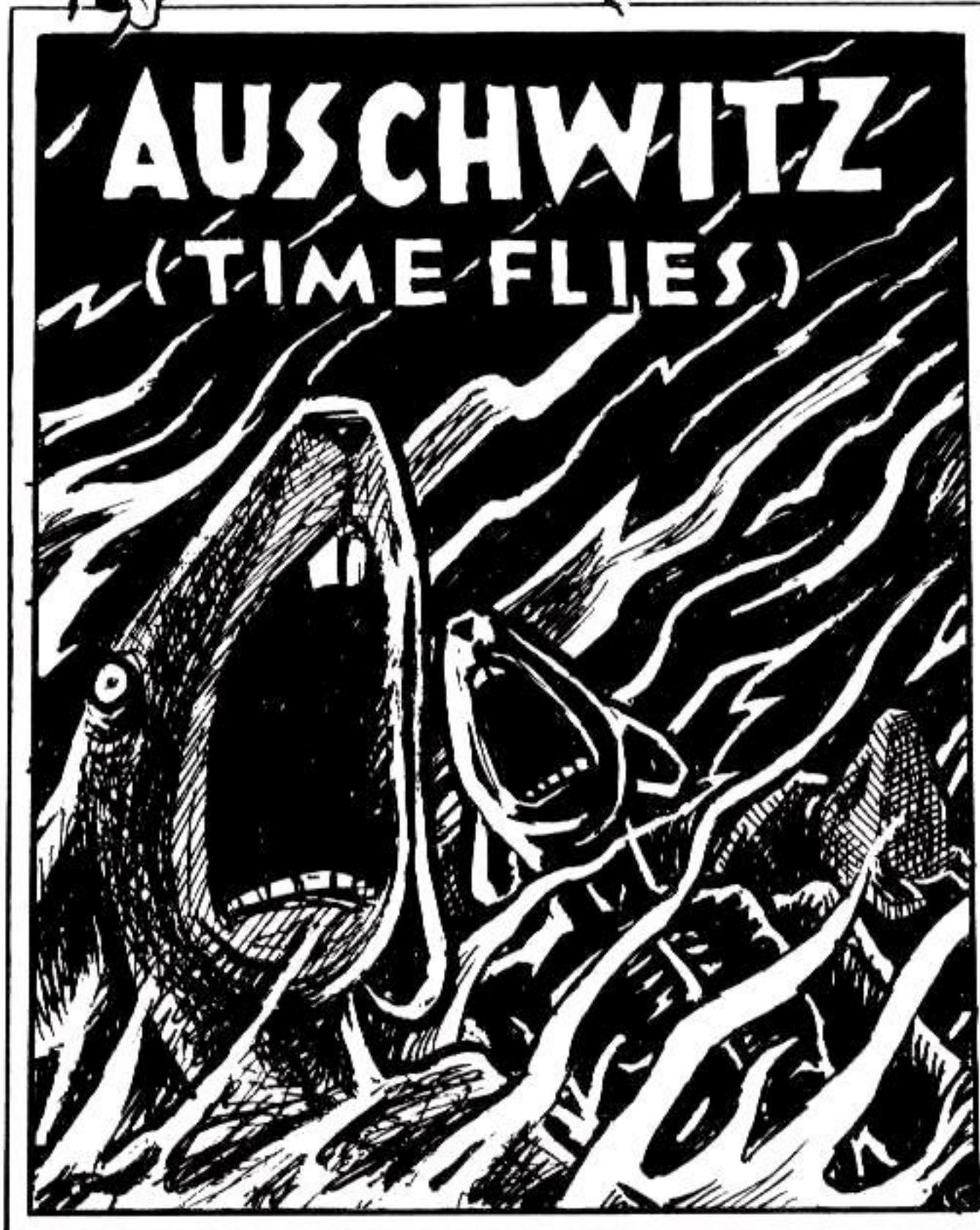


OF THE GROUP WHEN I ARRIVED, ONLY I REMAINED...





C H A P T E R T W O



Time flies...

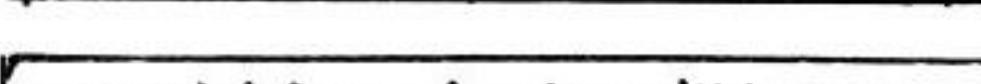
Vladek died of congestive heart failure on August 18, 1982...
Françoise and I stayed with him in the Catskills back in August 1979.



Vladek started working as a tinman in Auschwitz in the spring of 1944...
I started working on this page at the very end of February 1987.



In May 1987 Françoise and I are expecting a baby...
Between May 16, 1944, and May 24, 1944, over 100,000 Hungarian Jews were gassed in Auschwitz...



In September 1986, after 8 years of work, the first part of MAUS was published. It was a critical and commercial success.



At least fifteen foreign editions are coming out. I've gotten 4 serious offers to turn my book into a T.V. special or movie. (I don't wanna.)

In May 1968 my mother killed herself. (She left no note.)
Lately I've been feeling depressed.



Tell our viewers what message you want them to get from your book?



I-i never thought of reducing it to a message. I mean, I wasn't trying to CONVINCE anybody of anything. I just wanted-



Many younger Germans have had it up to HERE with Holocaust stories. These things happened before they were even born. Why should THEY feel guilty?

Who am I to say?...

But a lot of the corporations that flourished in Nazi Germany are richer than ever. I dunno... Maybe EVERYONE has to feel guilty. EVERYONE! FOREVER!

Okay... Let's talk about Israel...



If your book was about ISRAELI Jews, what kind of animal would you draw?

I have no idea... porcupines?

Excuse me...

Artie, baby. Check out this licensing deal. You get 50% of the profits. We'll make a million. Your dad would be proud!



So, whaddya WANT - a bigger percentage? Hey, we can talk.

I want... ABSOLUTION. No... No... I want... I want my MOMMY!

Could you tell our audience if drawing MAUS was cathartic? Do you feel better now?





Somehow my arguments with my father have lost a little of their urgency... and Auschwitz just seems too scary to think about... so I just LIE there ...

It sounds like you're feeling remorse-maybe you believe you exposed your father to ridicule.

Maybe. But I tried to be fair and still show how angry I felt.



Even so, EVERY boy when he's little, looks up to his father.

That sounds true, but it's hard for me to remember...

Mainly I remember ARGUING with him... and being told that I couldn't do anything as well as he could.

And now that you're becoming successful, you feel bad about proving your father wrong.



No matter what I accomplish, it doesn't seem like much compared to surviving Auschwitz.

But you weren't in Auschwitz... you were in Rego Park.

Maybe your father needed to show that he was always right - that he could always SURVIVE - because he felt GUILTY about surviving.

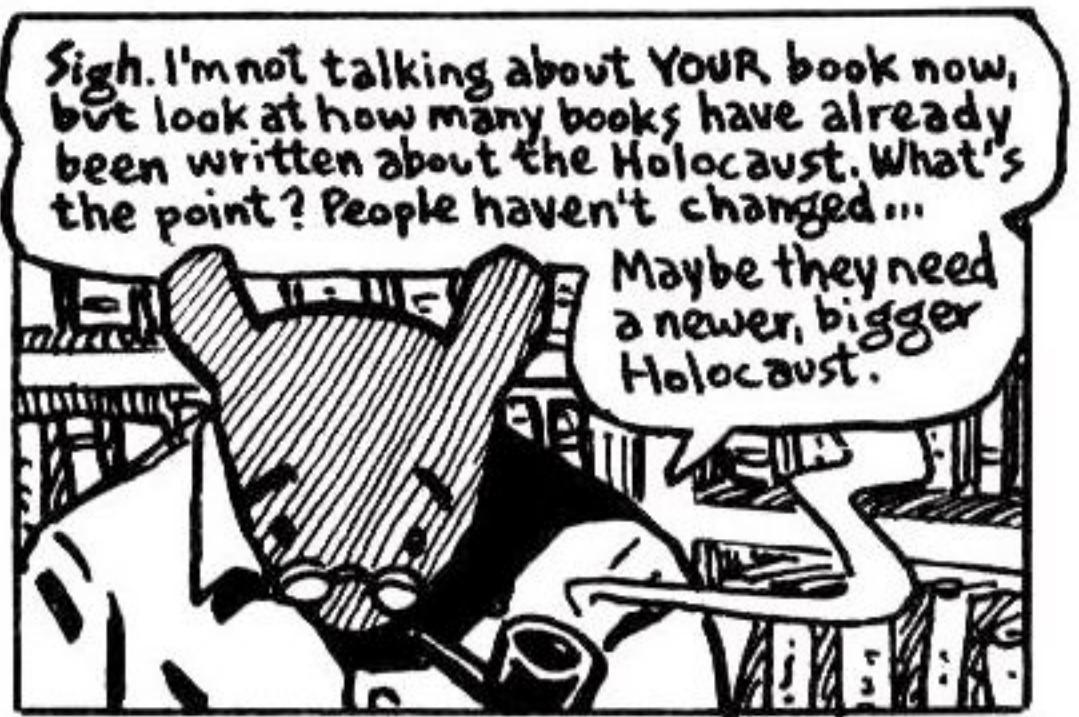


And he took his guilt out on YOU, where it was safe... on the REAL survivor.

um... Tell me, do you feel any guilt about surviving the camps?

No... just sadness.





My book? Hah! What book?? Some part of me doesn't want to draw or think about Auschwitz. I can't visualize it clearly, and I can't BEGIN to imagine what it felt like.

What Auschwitz felt like?
Hmm... How can I explain?...

BOO!

VIII!

It felt a little like that.
But ALWAYS! From the moment you got to the gate until the very end.

So, what part of your book are you trying to visualize?

My father worked in a tin shop near the camp. I have no idea what kind of tools and stuff to draw. There's no documentation.

Let's see. There would be a cutter-like a giant paper cutter - and maybe an electric drill press or two.

How do you KNOW that?

Oh, I worked in a tool and die shop in Czechoslovakia when I was a kid.

But it's getting late now, and I still have to walk my dogs.

Okay, I'll see you in a week...

Gee, I don't understand exactly why...

but these sessions with Pavel somehow make me feel better...

Maybe I could show the tin shop and not draw the drill press. I hate to draw machinery.

And so...



PLEASE POP THE TAPE'S ON. LET'S CONTINUE...



LET'S GET BACK TO AUSCHWITZ...



ENOUGH! TELL ME ABOUT AUSCHWITZ!

Sigh

YOU WERE TELLING ME HOW YOUR KAPO TRIED TO GET YOU WORK AS A TINSMITH...

YAH. EVERY DAY I WORKED THERE RIGHT OUTSIDE FROM THE CAMP...



BAH! YOU'RE NO TINSMITH. YOU CAN'T EVEN CUT IT RIGHT.

BUT THIS IS HOW I'VE ALWAYS DONE IT!...

I'VE ONLY BEEN A TINSMITH FOR A FEW YEARS. IF YOU SHOW ME HOW YOU WANT IT CUT I CAN LEARN QUICKLY.



I DON'T KNOW WHERE FROM HE HEARD STORIES ABOUT ME.

YOU OWNED BIG FACTORIES AND EXPLOITED YOUR WORKERS, YOU DIRTY CAPITALIST!

PFL! THEY SEND DREK LIKE YOU HERE WHILE THEY SEND REAL TINMEN UP THE CHIMNEY. WATCH OUT. I'VE GOT MY EYE ON YOU!

HE WAS A COMMUNIST, THIS YIDL.

I WAS AFRAID. HE COULD REALLY DO ME SOMETHING.

WITH THE OTHER BOYS THERE, I GOT ALONG FINE.



THE HEAD GUY FROM THE AUSCHWITZ LAUNDRY WAS A FINE FELLOW WHAT KNEW WELL MY FAMILY BEFORE THE WAR...

FROM HIM I GOT CIVILIAN CLOTHING TO SMUGGLE OUT BELOW MY UNIFORM. I WAS SO THIN THE GUARDS DIDNT SEE IF I WORE EXTRA.



HE WAS SO GREEDY, YIDL, HE WANTED I RISK ONLY FOR HIM EVERYTHING. I TOO HAD TO EAT.

EVERYBODY WAS SO HUNGRY
ALWAYS, WE DIDN'T KNOW
EVEN WHAT WE ARE DOING...

IN THE MORNING FOR BREAK-
FAST WE GOT ONLY A BITTER
DRINK MADE FROM ROOTS.

I WOKE BEFORE EVERYBODY
TO HAVE TIME TO THE TOILET
AND FIND STILL SOME TEA LEFT.



ONE TIME A DAY THEY GAVE A SOUP FROM
TURNIPS. TO STAND NEAR THE FIRST OF THE
LINE WAS NO GOOD. YOU GOT ONLY WATER.

MIX IT! MIX IT!

NEAR THE END WAS BETTER - SOLID
THINGS TO THE BOTTOM FLOATED.

BUT TOO FAR TO
THE END IT WAS
ALSO NO GOOD

...BECAUSE MANY TIMES IT
COULD BE NO SOUP ANYMORE.



AND ONE TIME EACH DAY
THEY GAVE TO US A SMALL
BREAD, CRUNCHY LIKE GLASS.

THE FLOUR THEY MIXED WITH SAWDUST
TOGETHER - WE GOT ONE LITTLE BRICK
OF THIS WHAT HAD TO LAST THE FULL DAY.

MOST GOBBLED IT
RIGHT AWAY, BUT
ALWAYS I SAVED
A HALF FOR LATER.

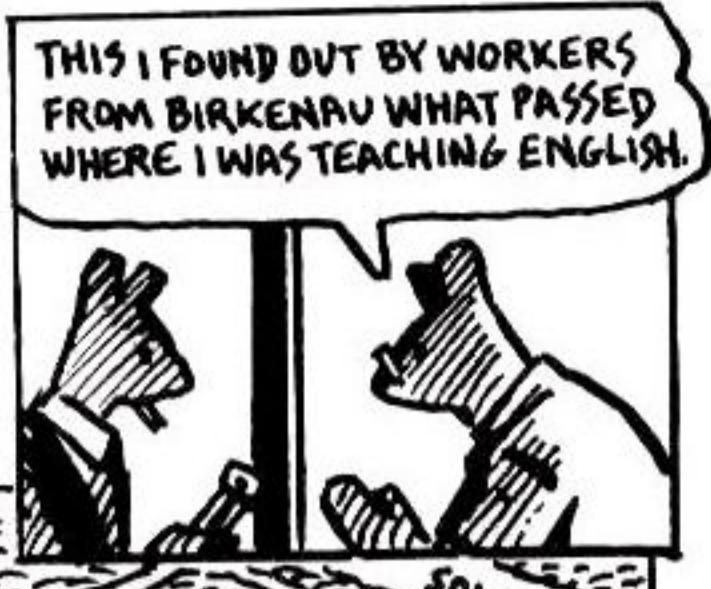
AND IN THE EVENING WE GOT A SPOILED CHEESE OR JAM. IF WE WERE LUCKY A COUPLE
TIMES A WEEK WE GOT A SAUSAGE BIG LIKE TWO OF MY FINGERS. ONLY THIS MUCH WE GOT



IF YOU ATE HOW THEY GAVE
YOU, IT WAS JUST ENOUGH
TO DIE MORE SLOWLY.

EACH MORNING AND EVENING THEY MADE AN APPEL. THEY COUNTED THE LIVE ONES AND DEAD ONES TO SEE IT WASN'T ANY MISSING ...







A FEW DAYS AFTER, MANCIE AGAIN CAME THERE.

I PUT SOME "GARBAGE" UNDER A ROCK NEAR THE DOORWAY.

SHE BROUGHT TO ME A LETTER-A REAL LETTER!-FROM ANJA.

"I MISS YOU," SHE WROTE TO ME. "EACH DAY I THINK TO RUN WIRES AND FINISH EVERYTHING. BUT TO KNOW YOU ARE ALIVE IT GIVES ME STILL TO HOPE..."

SHE TOLD ME HER KAPO WAS VERY MEAN ON HER AND GAVE WORK ANJA REALLY COULDN'T DO.



LIKE TO RUN FROM THE KITCHEN WITH THE BIG CANS OF SOUP.

EVEN FOR ME SUCH CANS WERE HEAVY, AND FOR ANJA-SHE WAS SO SMALL-IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE.



SHE COULDN'T HOLD WELL HER END. ALWAYS SHE SPILLED.



THE KAPO BEAT ANJA VERY HARD BUT KEPT HER TO THIS JOB.

AND IF ANJA SPILLED OVER ALL FROM THE SOUP, THEN NOBODY GOT WHAT TO EAT, ESPECIALLY ANJA.

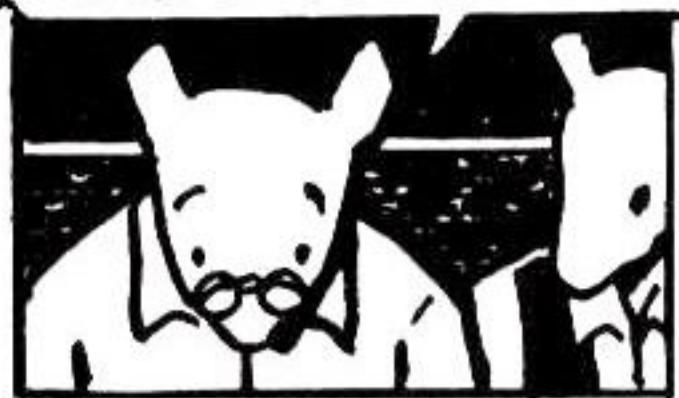
I WROTE TO HER: "I THINK OF YOU ALWAYS," AND SENT WITH MANCIE TWO PIECES OF BREAD.



IF THE S.S. WOULD SEE SHE IS TAKING FOOD INTO THE CAMP, RIGHT AWAY THEY WILL KILL HER.



SO SHE SAID, "IF A COUPLE IS LOVING EACH OTHER SO MUCH, I MUST HELP HOWEVER I CAN."



EACH DAY I MARCHED TO WORK AND HOPED AGAIN I'LL SEE MANCIE...



I JUST READ ABOUT THE CAMP ORCHESTRA THAT PLAYED AS YOU MARCHED OUT THE GATE...

AN ORCHESTRA?...

NO. I REMEMBER ONLY MARCHING, NOT ANY ORCHESTRAS...



I DUNNO, BUT IT'S VERY WELL DOCUMENTED...

NO. AT THE GATE I HEARD ONLY GUARDS SHOUTING.

DID YOU EVER TALK WITH ANY OF THE GUARDS?

ACH! WE WERE BELOW THEIR DIGNITY. WE WERE NOT EVEN MEN. BUT IT WAS ONE GUY...

IF HE SPOKE OF COURSE I ANSWERED. HE HAD EVEN A LITTLE HEART.

AAH. GUTEN MORGEN. THIS SPRING AIR REMINDS ME OF HOME... OF NUremburg...

YES. I WAS THERE ONCE. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL CITY.

AND IF HE LIKED ME, MAYBE SOMEDAY HE WON'T SHOOT ME

ONE TIME HE WAS MISSING A FEW DAYS...

YOU LOOK PALE. WERE YOU SICK HERR SOLDAT?

NO... I WAS... WORKING... IN BIRKENAU.

YES... I'VE HEARD ABOUT WHAT GOES ON THERE...

SHUT UP!

AND HE WAS AFRAID ANYMORE TO SPEAK.

WHEN I VISITED TO ANJA THERE, I SAW WITH MY OWN EYES HOW IT WAS...

YOU SAW ANJA?

YA. EVERY FEW DAYS IT CAME AN S.S. COMMISSION TO THE TIN SHOP...

YOU HAVE MORE WORKERS THAN YOU NEED HERE...



GIVE US 10 PRISONERS TO TAKE BACK TO THE MAIN CAMP FOR OTHER WORK.

WELL ... TAKE THAT ONE ... AND THAT ONE...



AND - WAIT! DON'T TAKE HIM! HE'S ONE OF MY BEST ROOFERS... TAKE THAT ONE ... AND THAT ONE...



THE UNLUCKY ONES WENT OVER FOR BAD JOBS, BUT ME YIDL KEPT PROTECTED.

...SEND A CREW TO SECTOR BIB IN BIRKENAU. SOME OF THE ROOFS IN THE WOMEN'S CAMP HAVE COLLAPSED.



LET ME GO TO BIRKENAU. I'VE NEVER SEEN IT.

GO, SPIEGELMAN. AND DON'T COME BACK FOR ALL I CARE. BAH! I GIVE UP MY BEST TINMEN, AND YOU I SAVE.

WHY?!



SO I MARCHED WITH A FEW TIN-MEN OVER TO BIRKENAU. I CAME THE FIRST TIME IN SUMMER 1944.



THOUSANDS - HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF HUNGARIANS WERE ARRIVING THERE AT THIS TIME.

INSIDE THE CAMP WE CALLED OUT. MAYBE SOMEBODY KNEW IF OUR LOVED ONES ARE HERE ALIVE.



I WAS SO HAPPY. SOMEONE BROUGHT SOMEHOW ANJA OVER



I WAS A FEW TIMES IN BIRKENAU, AND ONCE I HAD REALLY TROUBLES. I WAS GOING FROM WORK AND PASSED BY ANJA...



A GUARD SCREAMED TO ME:



WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH YOU, YOU'LL KNOW SOMETHING, JEWISH PIMP! YOU'RE NOT HERE TO FLIRT AND Gossip.



COUNT THE BLOWS. IF YOU LOSE COUNT - I'LL START AGAIN!



SO HE BEAT ME, WHAT CAN I TELL YOU? ONLY, THANK GOD, ANJA DIDN'T GET ALSO SUCH A BEATING. SHE WOULDN'T LIVE.



THE NEXT DAYS IT WAS HARD TO GO WORK, BUT TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL, I COULD EASILY NOT COME AGAIN OUT.



IT WASN'T A PLACE WITH MEDICINES, ONLY A PLACE FULL WITH PRISONERS TOO SICK TO GO WORK.



EACH DAY IT WAS SELEKTIONS. THE DOCTORS CHOSE OUT THE WEAKER ONES TO GO AND DIE.



IN THE WHOLE CAMP WAS SELEKTIONS. I WENT TWO TIMES IN FRONT OF DR. MENGELE.



WE STOOD WITHOUT ANYTHING, STRAIGHT LIKE A SOLDIER. HE GLANCED AND SAID: "FACE LEFT!"



THEY LOOKED TO SEE IF IT WAS SORES OR PIMPLES ON THE BODY. THEN AGAIN: "FACE LEFT!"



THEY LOOKED TO SEE IF EATING NO FOOD MADE YOU TOO SKINNY...



FACE LEFT!

IF YOU HAD STILL A HEALTHY BODY TO WORK, THEY PASSED YOU THROUGH AND GAVE YOU ANOTHER UNIFORM UNTIL IT CAME THE NEXT SELEKTION...



WHEN FIRST I CAME I WAS VERY STRONG. THEN, AND CAME WELL TO THE GOOD SIDE.

THE ONES THAT HAD NOT SO LUCKY THE S.S. WROTE DOWN THEIR NUMBER AND SENT TO THE OTHER SIDE.



THE SECOND SELEKTION I WAS IN THE BARRACK. IN THE BED UP FROM ME WAS A FINE BOY, A BELGIAN.



WE WERE EXPECTING DINNER GUESTS.
WE WAITED AND WAITED... THEN THE
GONG RANG. I WOKE UP WITHOUT EVEN
TASTING THE -



THEY TOOK THEN THE JEWS TO
A SELEKTION. I CAME AGAIN
TO THE GOOD SIDE, BUT THIS BEL-
GIAN, HE HAD MAYBE A RASH,
AND THEY WROTE HIS NUMBER...



ANY TIME THEY COULD TAKE HIM.
ALL NIGHT HE CRIED AND SCREAMED.



BUT LATER HE AGAIN STARTED...



WHAT COULD I DO? I COULDN'T
TELL TO THE GERMANSTHEY
WON'T TAKE HIM... AND
THE NEXT DAY, THEY TOOK.

SO... IN THE TINSHOP I HAD STILL THE SAME STORY WITH YIDL.

ONLY ONE APPLE FOR
ME TODAY? IS BUSINESS
BAD, MR. CAPITALIST?

WHAT HAPPENED TO
THE SHOEMAKER WHO
WORKED IN THERE?

A LOT OF THE POLISH PRIS-
ONERS WERE SENT TO CAMPS
INSIDE THE REICH. THEY
TOOK SOME OF MY BOYS TOO.



I RAN TO THE KAPO IN CHARGE FROM ALL THE SHOP.

DO YOU NEED A
NEW SHOEMAKER?

SURE. THE S.S. TOOK THE OLD
ONE AWAY, BUT THEY'RE
STILL BRINGING SHOES IN!



YOU KNOW, I'VE
BEEN A SHOEMAKER
SINCE CHILDHOOD.

YOU DON'T LOOK
LIKE A SHOEMAKER
TO ME... YOU'RE A
TINMAN!



DO I HAVE TO HAVE IT
WRITTEN ON MY FOREHEAD?

ALRIGHT,
THEN...
FIX THIS!



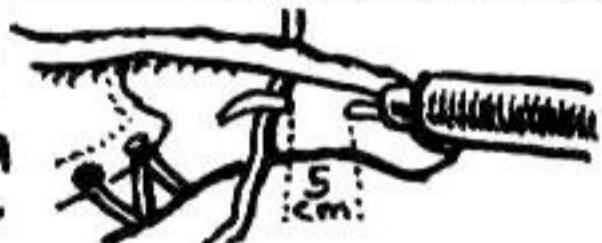
I LEARNED A LITTLE SHOE FIXING WATCHING
HOW THEY WORKED WHEN I WAS WITH MY COUS-
IN MILOCH, THERE IN THE GHETTO SHOE SHOP.

TO FIX SUCH AN OPENED
SOLE I KNEW TO TAKE
A DOUBLE THREAD
SMEARED WITH WAX.



...MAKE
THEN A
HOLE AND PUSH THE THREAD HALF WAY ONLY.

AND ON THE UP-
PER PART PUT
TWO HOLES EVEN
TO THE SOLE...



BRING THE THREAD THEN THROUGH THESE
HOLES.



CROSS THE THREAD FROM THE TOP AND BOT-
TOM, BOTH ENDS THROUGH A NEW HOLE IN
THE SOLE AND REPEAT SO UNTIL THE SHOE
IS CLOSED.



...AND SO IT'S
MADE, YOU
CAN'T EVEN
SEE IT HAS
STITCHES!



YOU'RE BETTER
THAN OUR LAST
SHOEMAKER!

YOU SEE? IT'S GOOD TO KNOW
HOW TO DO EVERYTHING!

SO, NOW I WAS A SHOEMAKER. I HAD HERE A WARM AND PRIVATE ROOM WHERE TO SIT...



OFFICIALS LIKED BETTER IF I FIX THEIR SHOES THAN TO SEND TO THE BIG SHOP INSIDE CAMP.



I KNEW TO FIX SOLES AND HEELS, BUT WHAT THIS GESTAPO WANTED, IT NEEDED A SPECIALIST.

SO, GOING FROM WORK, I HID THIS BOOT TO SNEAK IT TO A REAL SHOEMAKER IN AUSCHWITZ.



I WATCHED CAREFUL HOW HE DID, SO NEXT TIME I CAN SAVE MYSELF SUCH A BREAD.

NEXT DAY I HAD THE BOOT READY FOR THIS GESTAPO.



HE LEFT THE BOOT AND WENT WITHOUT ONE WORD.



AND HE CAME BACK WITH A WHOLE SAUSAGE.



YOU KNOW WHAT THIS WAS, A WHOLE SAUSAGE? YOU CAN'T IMAGINE! I CUT WITH A SHOE KNIFE AND ATE SO FAST I WAS A LITTLE SICK AFTER.

I COULDN'T ANYMORE MAKE A BUSINESS SMUGGLING WITH POLISH WORKERS FROM HERE AS A SHOEMAKER, BUT STILL I WAS WELL-OFF...

THE GESTAPO WHAT I FIXED HIS BOOT RECOMMENDED ME, SO HIS FRIENDS WANTED I'LL FIX ALSO THEIR SHOES AND PAID ME FOOD.

I SHARED SOMETIMES TO THE KAPO IN CHARGE.

I JUST ORGANIZED SOME EGGS - WANT ONE?

WHAT A FRIENDLY JEW! SURE - WE CAN COOK THEM ON MY HEATER.

IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, IT'S GOOD TO BE FRIENDLY.

AND HERE'S A LITTLE BREAD FOR OUR MEAL.

GREAT! SAY, WHAT ARE ALL THOSE NEW BUILDINGS THEY'RE PUTTING UP THERE?

JUST SOME NEW WORKSHOPS. THEY'RE EXPANDING THE UNION WERKE MUNITIONS FACTORY...

AND THEY'RE PUTTING UP SOME BARRACKS TO MOVE SOME WOMEN WORKERS FROM BIRKENAU OVER HERE.

M-MY WIFE IS IN BIRKENAU. MAYBE I COULD GET HER INTO ONE OF THOSE BARRACKS!

HMM! IMPOSSIBLE! IT WOULD COST A FORTUNE IN BRIBES!

HE UNWRAPPED SOME CHEESE AND ATE HIMSELF A PIECE.

PLEASE, COULD I HAVE THAT PIECE OF PAPER?

WELL, SURE. I CAN LET YOU HAVE THE PAPER - BUT NOT THE CHEESE!

I NEEDED TO WRITE OVER TO ANJA!

EVEN PAPER WAS HARD TO HAVE THERE. MY FRIENDS CAME ALWAYS TO ME WHEN THEY NEEDED.

I FOUND AND SAVED. FOR THE TOT LET MOST USED A PIECE FROM THEIR CLOTHES OR THEIR HAND.

WHY DIDN'T OTHER PEOPLE SAVE PAPER?

ACH! YOU KNOW HOW MOST PEOPLE ARE!

SO... I WROTE OVER TO ANJA THAT NOW I AM A SHOEMAKER, AND I HEARD HERE ABOUT THESE NEW BARRACKS...

AND MARCIE TOOK IT. SHE WAS SO GOOD, ALWAYS SHE TOOK.

ON THE BACK FROM MY LETTER ANJA WROTE HOW MUCH SHE WANTED ONLY TO COME TO SUCH A BARRACK NEAR TO ME.

ANJA'S BARRACK WAS MAYBE 1000 GIRLS WITH A BAD KAPO WHAT HIT ANYBODY WHAT CAME NEAR.

SNEAK! I SAW YOU TAKE A SECOND PIECE OF BREAD!

SHE HAD LEATHER BOOTS-NOT WOOD. THEY WERE IN A VERY BAD SHAPE, BUT REALLY LEATHER.

N-NICE BOOTS-IT'S A PITY THE SOLES ARE COMING APART.

SO? WHAT DO YOU CARE?

YOU COULD SEND THEM TO MY HUSBAND HE'S A SHOEMAKER IN AUSCHWITZ...

OH, REALLY

SO, SHE ARRANGED THE BOOTS OVER TO ME.

OF COURSE I FIXED VERY NICE THE SHOES, AND THE KAPO THEN WAS VERY DIFFERENT WITH ANJA.

THAT SOUP CAN IS TOO HEAVY FOR YOU. COME REST IN MY ROOM UNTIL THE APPEL.

...VERY DIFFERENT.

I THOUGHT ONLY HOW HAPPY IT
WOULD BE TO HAVE ANJA SO NEAR
TO ME IN THESE NEW BARRACKS.



IT COULD BE "ARRANGED" FOR
100 CIGARETTES AND A BOTTLE
VODKA, BUT THIS WAS A FORTUNE.



HOW COULD
YOU GET
CIGARETTES?
EACH WEEK TO THE
WORKERS, THEY
GAVE US THREE.



I STARVED A LITTLE TO PAY TO BRING ANJA OVER.

BUT, WHEN I CAME BACK ONE TIME FROM WORK...



SO... I SAVED A SECOND TIME A FORTUNE, AND GAVE OVER BRIBES TO BRING ANJA CLOSE TO ME.
AND IN THE START OF OCTOBER, 1944, I SAW A FEW THOUSAND WOMEN IN THESE NEW BARRACKS...



WHEN NOBODY SAW I WENT BACK AND FORTH UNTIL I SAW HER FROM FAR GOING TO MAKE MUNITIONS...

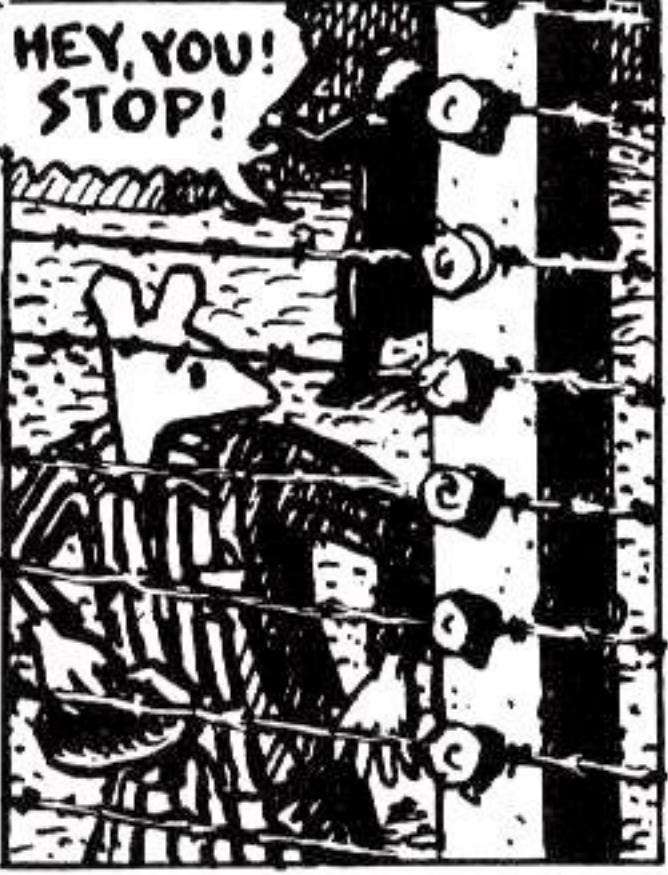


SHE WENT ALSO BACK AND FORTH UNTIL IT WAS SAFE TO APPROACH OVER TO MY FOOD PACKAGES...



BUT ONE TIME, IT WAS VERY BAD.

HEY, YOU!
STOP!



DROP THAT PACKAGE AND
STOP RIGHT THERE!



STOP!

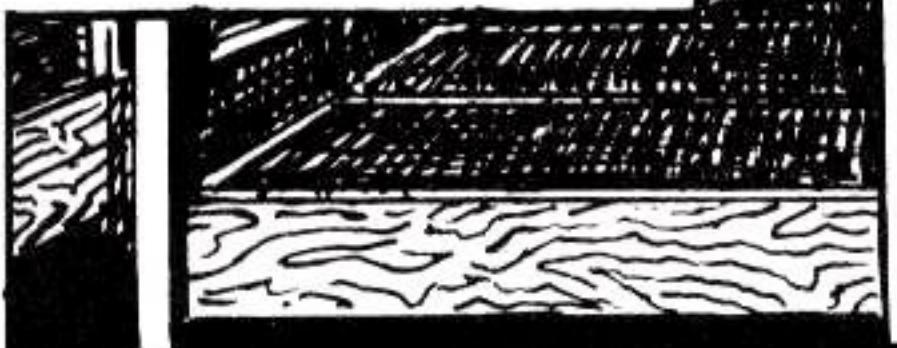


SHE RAN-SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE-INTO HER OWN BLOCK.

ONLY A FRIEND FROM ANJA WAS THERE AS A ROOM CLEANER...



I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE
SOMEPLACE, AND WHEN
I FIND YOU, I'LL KILL YOU
RIGHT HERE ON THE SPOT!



IT WAS SEVERAL ROOMS THERE, AND
HUNDREDS OF BEDS. IN ONE, ANJA LAY
SHAKING, AFRAID TO BREATHE EVEN.

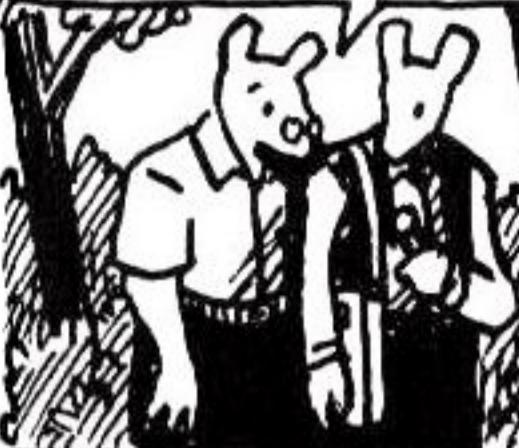


I HAD TO STOP SENDING OVER SUCH PACKAGES MORE TO ANJA.

I LOST ANYWAY MY JOB NEAR TO HER SOON AFTER. MY WHOLE WORKSHOP THEY CLOSED OUT...

THEY PUT US BACK TO THE MAIN CAMP AND TOOK ME FOR BLACK WORK.

BLACK WORK?



CARRYING BACK AND FORTH BIG STONES, DIGGING OUT HOLES, EACH DAY DIFFERENT, BUT ALWAYS THE SAME. VERY HARD...

YOU GOT A HIT TO THE HEAD, OR WORSE.



AND GOD FORBID, IF YOU STOPPED ONLY A MINUTE TO BREATHE.



TO ME THEY NEVER HIT, BECAUSE I WORKED ALL MY MUSCLES AWAY.

I LIKED BETTER INDOORS WORK. I SOMETIMES WAS A "BETTNACHZIEHER"... A BED-AFTER-PULLER...

AFTER EVERYBODY FIXED THEIR BED, WE CAME TO FIX BETTER, SO THE STRAW LOOKED SQUARE.

WHAT A CRAZY JOB!

NO, THEY WANTED EVERYTHING NEAT AND IN GOOD ORDER.

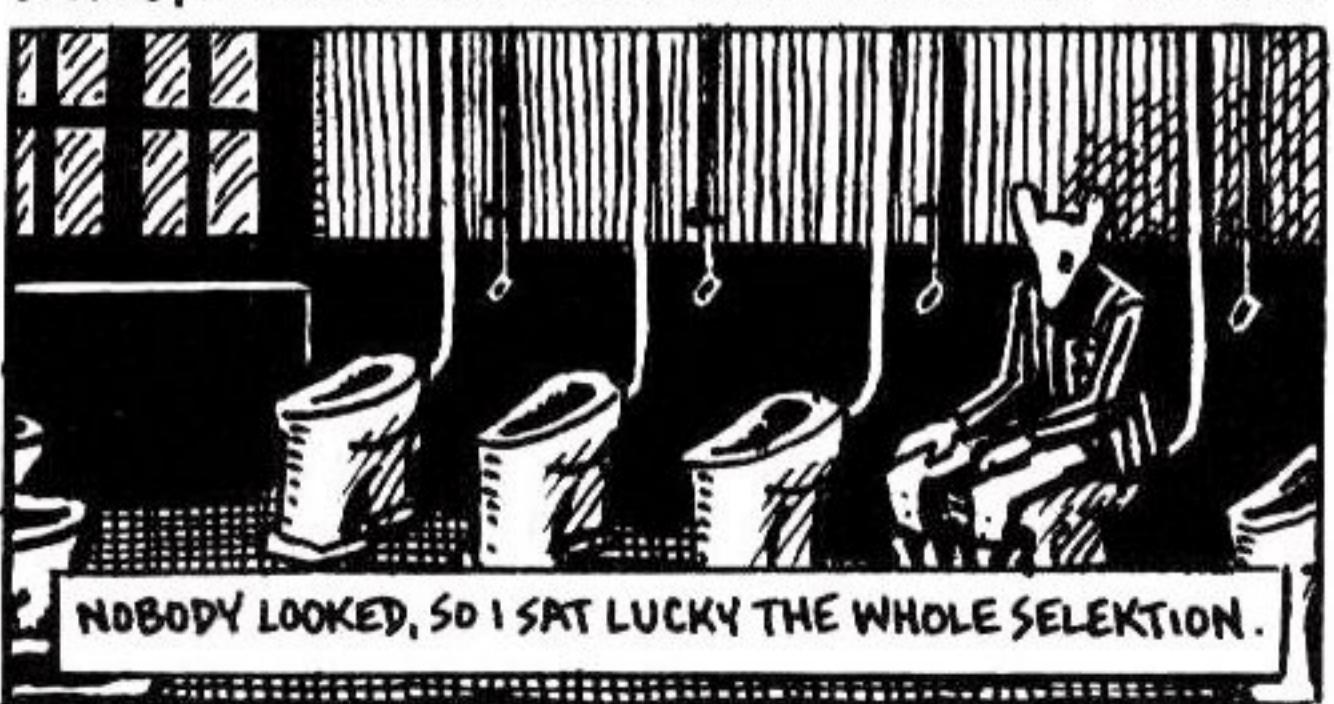


BUT THESE DAYS I GOT TOO SKINNY AND IT CAME AGAIN A SELEKTION.

RIGHT AWAY I RAN INSIDE THE TOILETS. AND IF SOMEBODY LOOKED, I'LL TELL I HAD A BAD STOMACH. WHAT HAD I TO LOSE?



NOW IT COULD BE MY TURN.



NOBODY LOOKED, SO I SAT LUCKY THE WHOLE SELEKTION.

SO DID YOU DO BLACK WORK THE REST OF THE TIME YOU WERE THERE?

I HAD NOT AGAIN A NEW CHANCE FOR A BETTER JOB. IN AUSCHWITZ TOGETHER I WAS 10 MONTHS.

HOW LONG WERE YOU IN QUARANTINE TEACHING ENGLISH?

MAYBE 2 MONTHS... THERE I HAD IT GOOD. I-

?

YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THAT. HOW MANY MONTHS WERE YOU IN THE TIN SHOP?

IN THIS WORKSHOP - TIN AND SHOE WORK COMBINED - I WAS ABOUT 5 OR 6 MONTHS.

SO, BLACK WORK LASTED 3 MONTHS.

YAH... NO! I REMIND MYSELF...

AFTER BLACK WORK I CAME AGAIN AS A TINMAN WITH YIDL FOR 2 MONTHS. THEY-

BUT WAIT! THAT WOULD BE 12 MONTHS. YOU SAID YOU WERE THERE A TOTAL OF 10!

SO? TAKE LESS TIME TO THE BLACK WORK. IN AUSCHWITZ WE DIDN'T WEAR WATCHES.

YOOHOO! I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU.

I WAS WORRIED. YOU WERE GONE A LONG TIME.

YOU FINISHED THEN MY BANK PAPERS?

UH-HUH. AND I MADE SOME SANDWICHES FOR LUNCH TOO.

GREAT! I'M STARVING!

ACH! IF YOU MADE WITH WHITE BREAD, I'M NOT ALLOWED TO EAT.

1944 ✓

MAR.

APR.

MAY

JUNE

JULY

AUG

SEPT

OCT

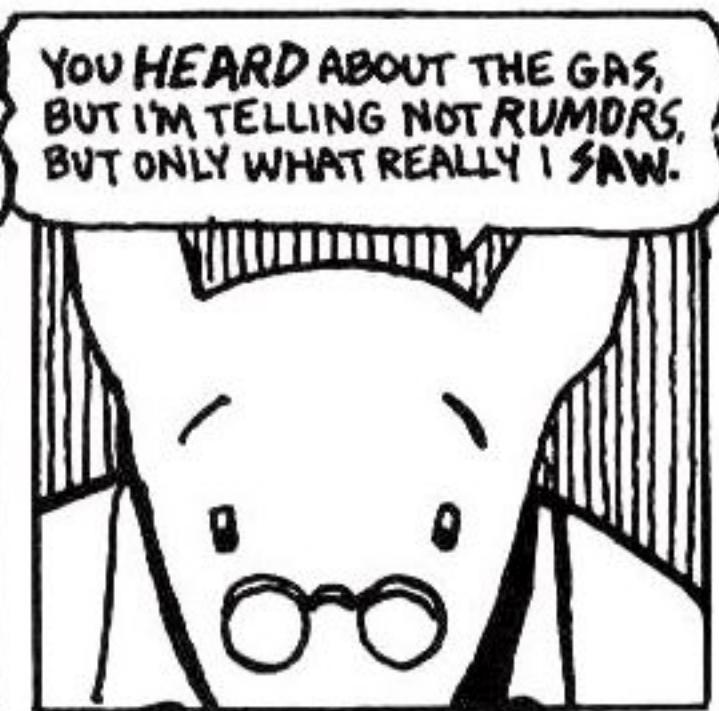
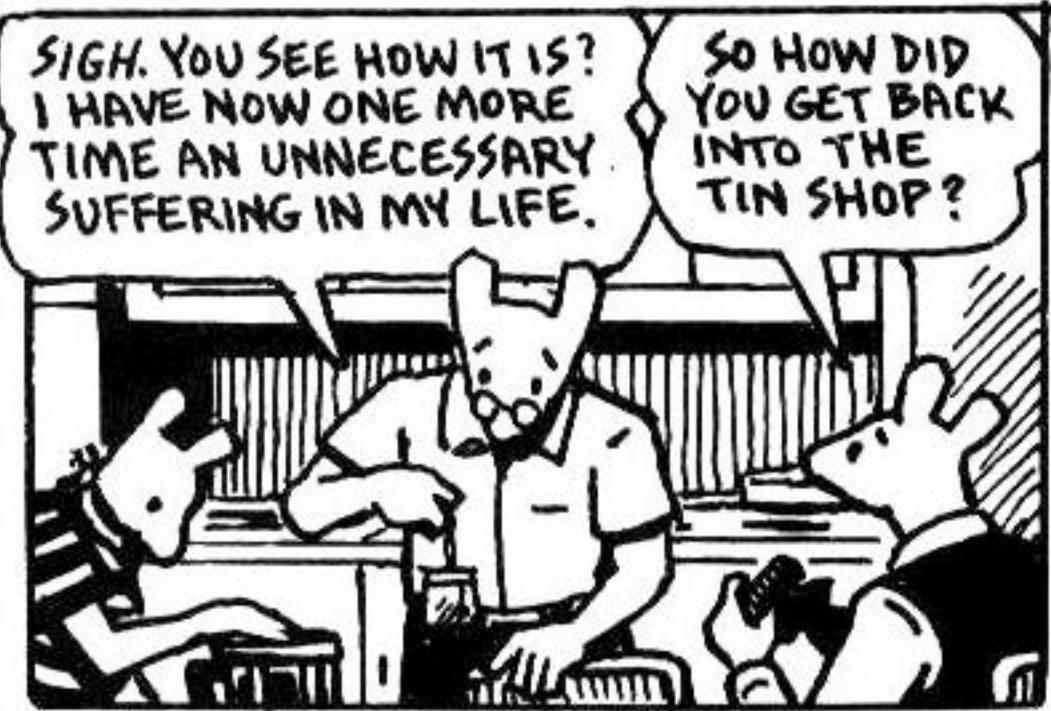
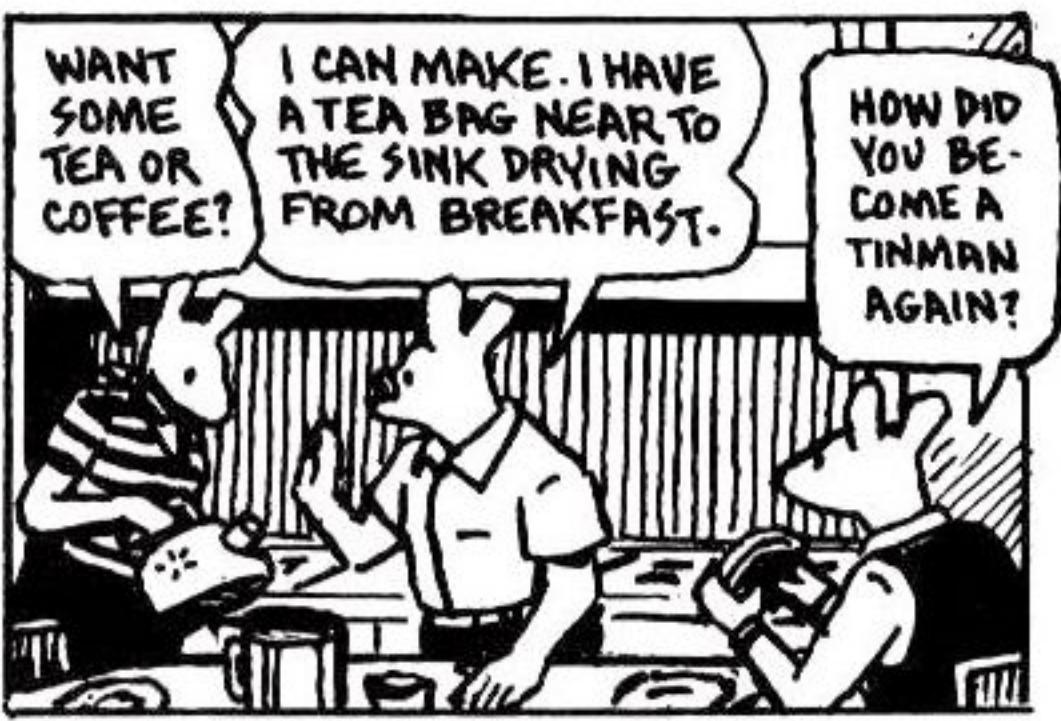
NOV

Quarantine

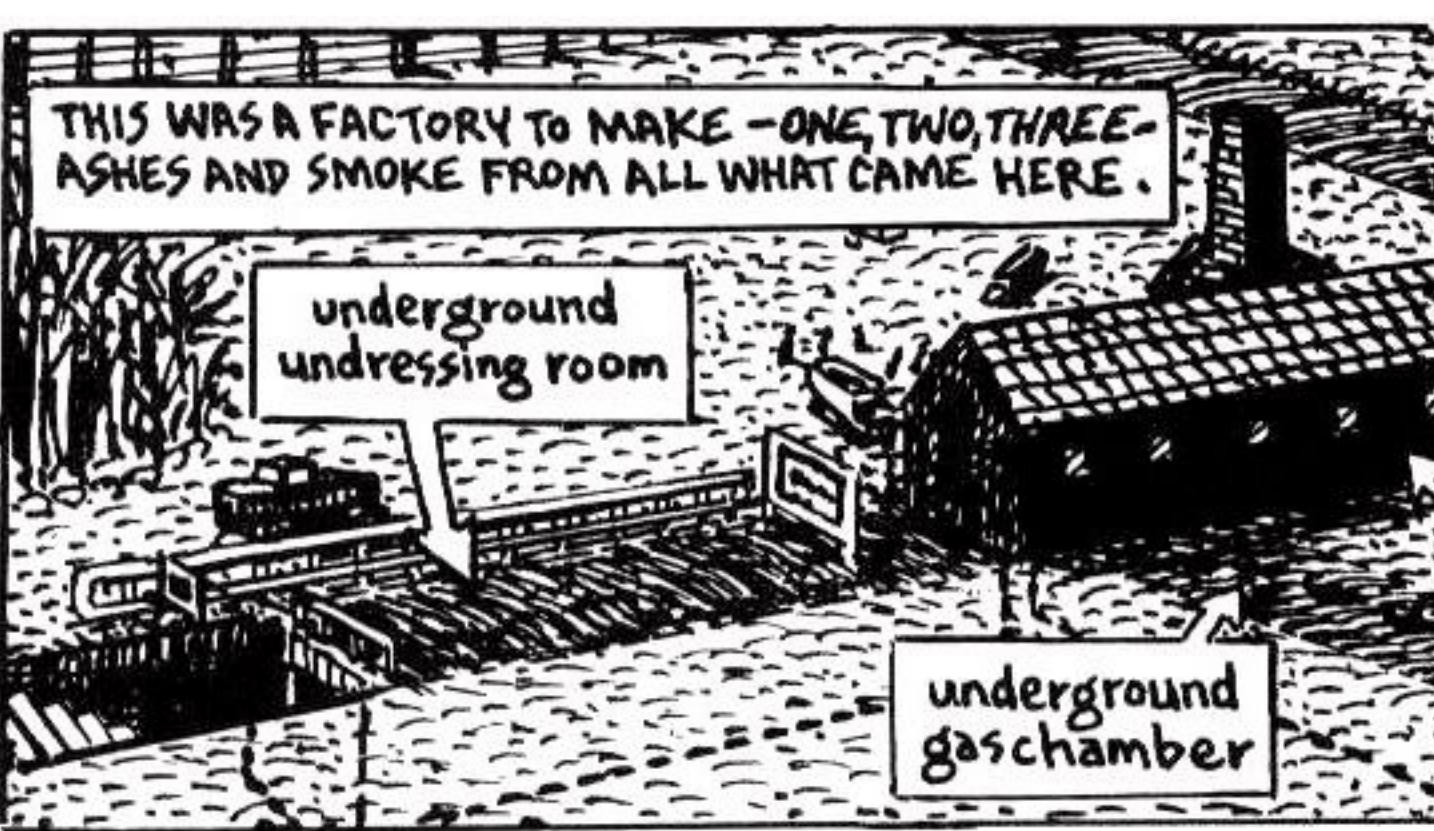
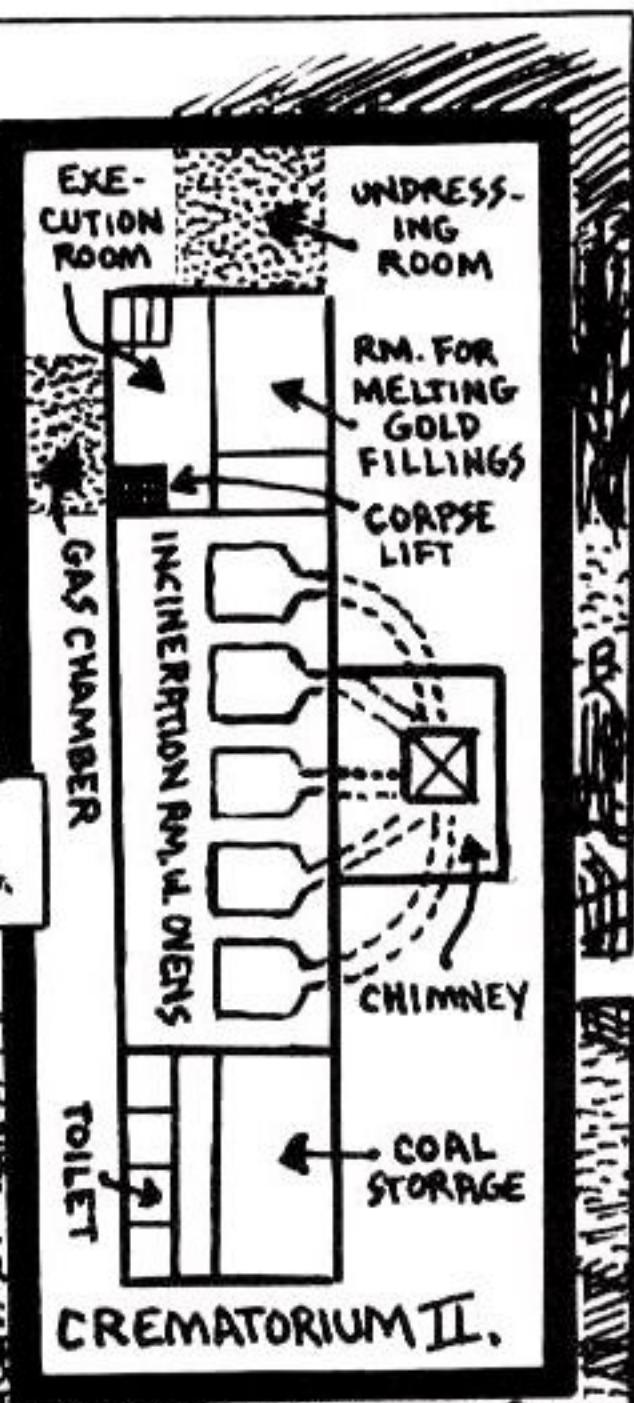
Tin shop

Shoe shop

Black work



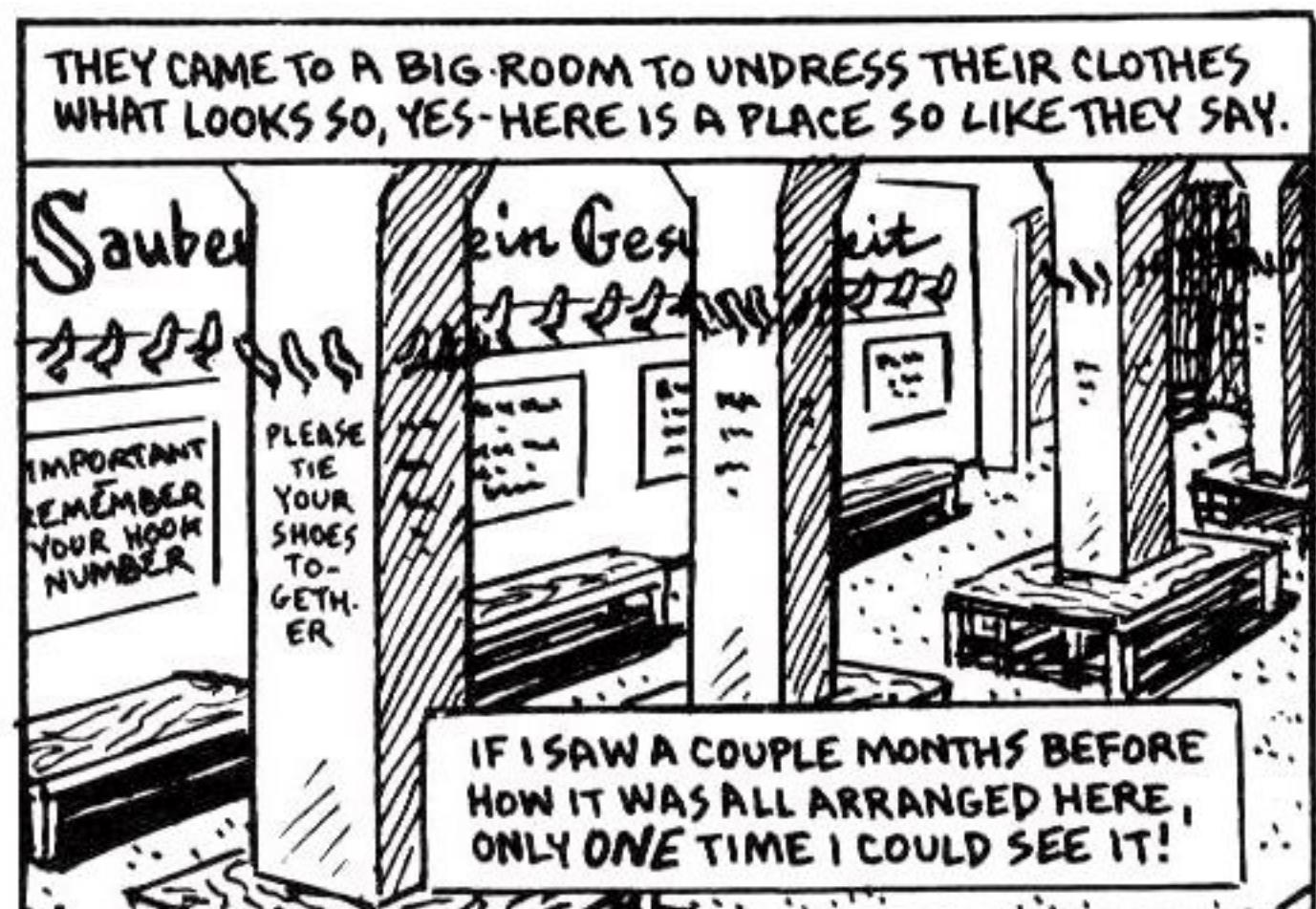
I CAME TO ONE OF THE FOUR CREMD BUILDINGS. IT LOOKED SO LIKE A BIG BAKERY...



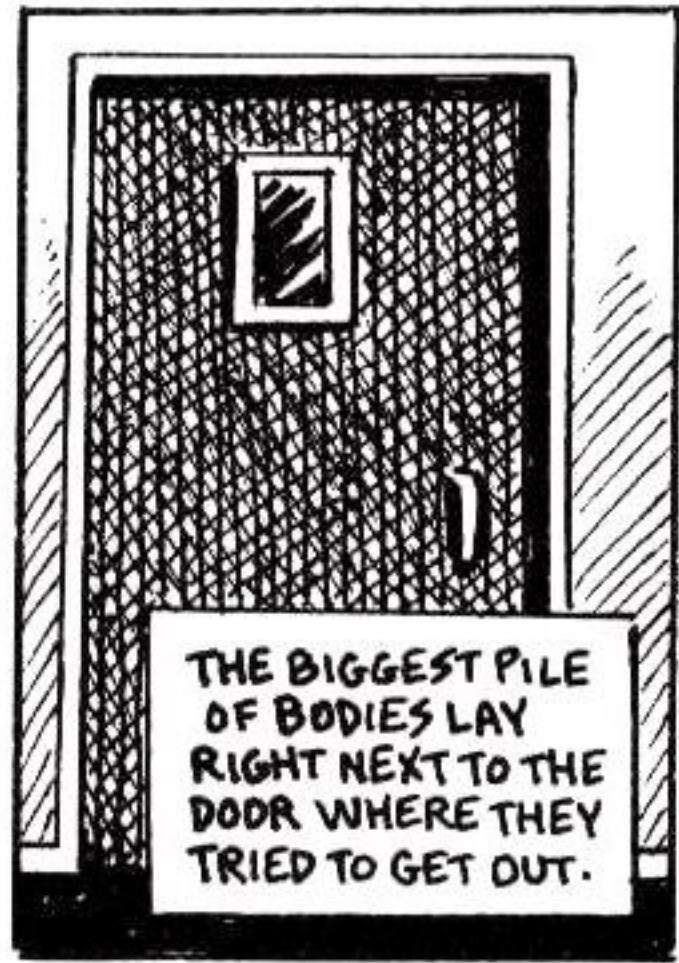
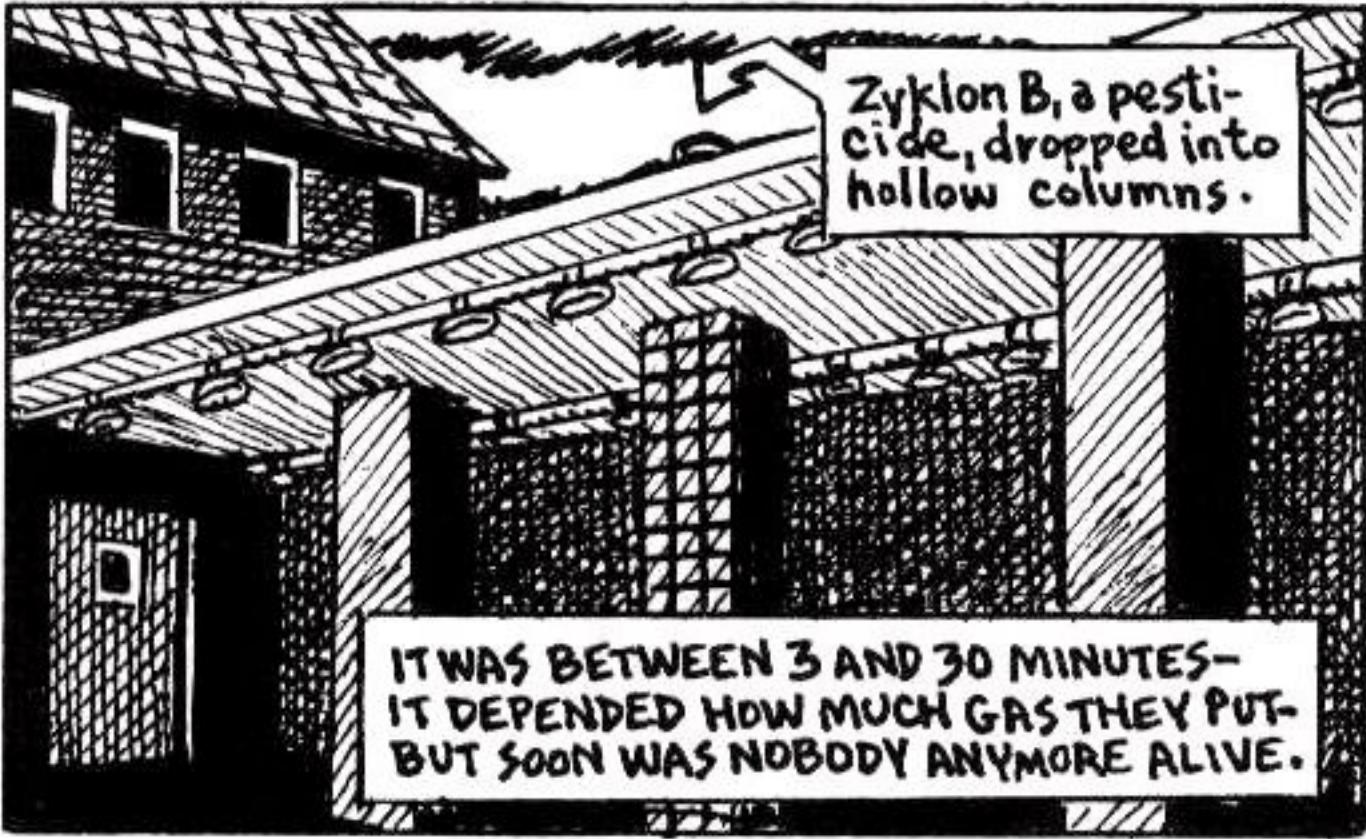
SPECIAL PRISONERS WORKED HERE SEPARATE. THEY GOT BETTER BREAD, BUT EACH FEW MONTHS THEY ALSO WERE SENT UP THE CHIMNEY. ONE FROM THEM SHOWED ME EVERYTHING HOW IT WAS.



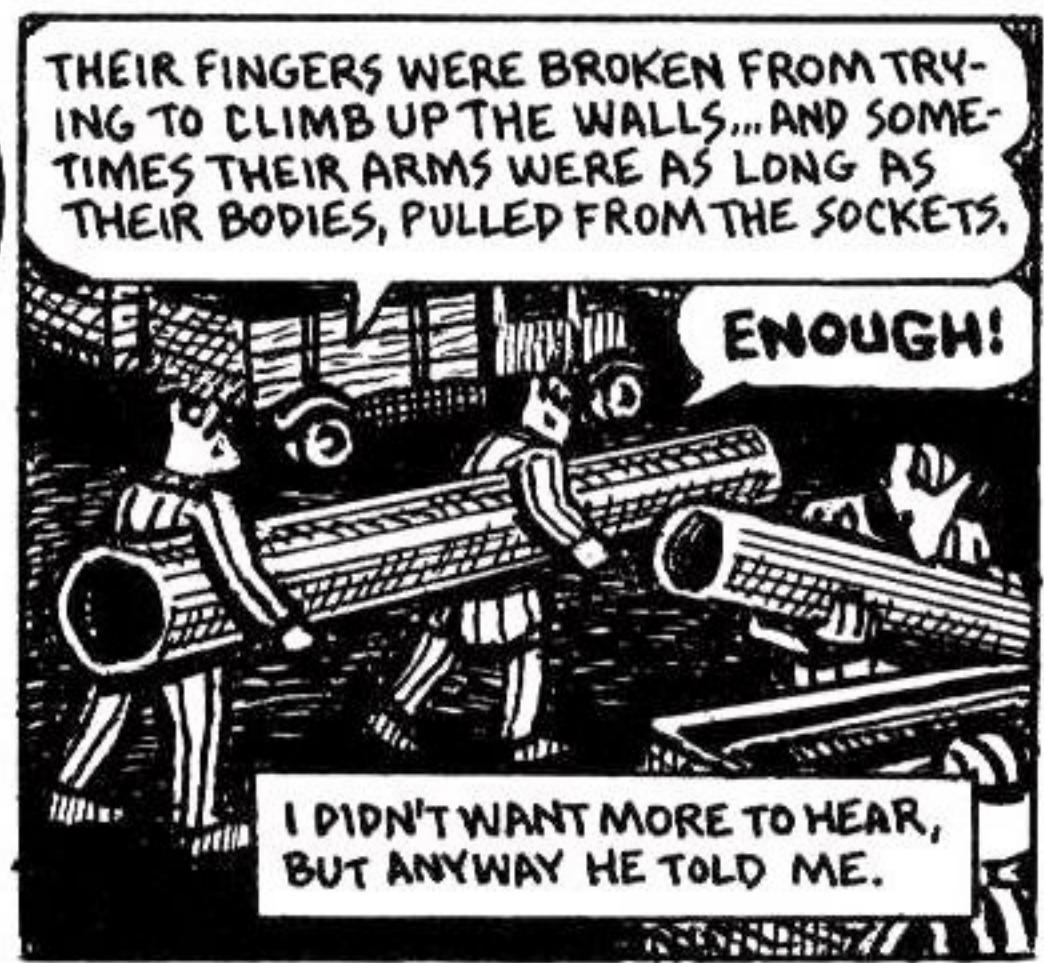
PEOPLE BELIEVED REALLY IT WAS HERE A PLACE FOR SHOWERS. SO THEY WERE TOLD.



AND EVERYBODY CROWDED INSIDE INTO THE SHOWER ROOM,
THE DOOR CLOSED HERMETIC, AND THE LIGHTS TURNED DARK.



THIS GUY WHO WORKED THERE, HE TOLD ME ...



THEY PULLED THE BODIES WITH AN ELEVATOR UP TO THE OVENS -
MANY OVENS - AND TO EACH ONE THEY BURNED 2 OR 3 AT A TIME.



WHAT ARE THEY DOING
OVER THERE - DIGGING
TRENCHES IN CASE
THE RUSSIANS ATTACK?

TRENCHES-HAH!
THOSE ARE GIANT
GRAVES THEY'RE
FILLING IN!...

IT STARTED IN MAY AND WENT ON ALL
SUMMER. THEY BROUGHT JEWS FROM
HUNGARY - TOO MANY FOR THEIR OVENS,
SO THEY DUG THOSE BIG CREMATION PITS.



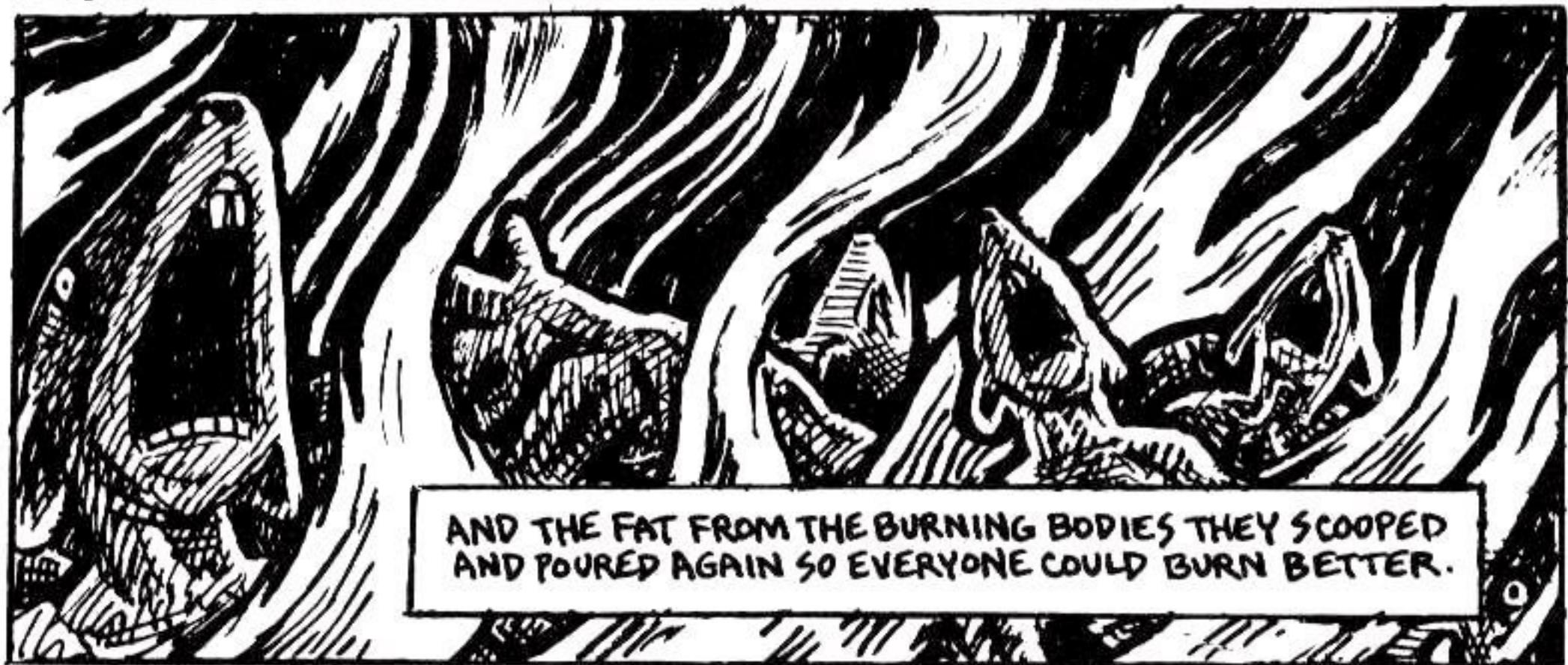
THE HOLES WERE BIG, SO
LIKE THE SWIMMING POOL
OF THE PINES HOTEL HERE.

AND TRAIN AFTER TRAIN
OF HUNGARIANS CAME.

AND THOSE WHAT FINISHED IN THE GAS CHAMBERS BEFORE
THEY GOT PUSHED IN THESE GRAVES, IT WAS THE LUCKY ONES.



PRISONERS WHAT WORKED THERE POURED GASOLINE OVER THE LIVE ONES AND THE DEAD ONES.

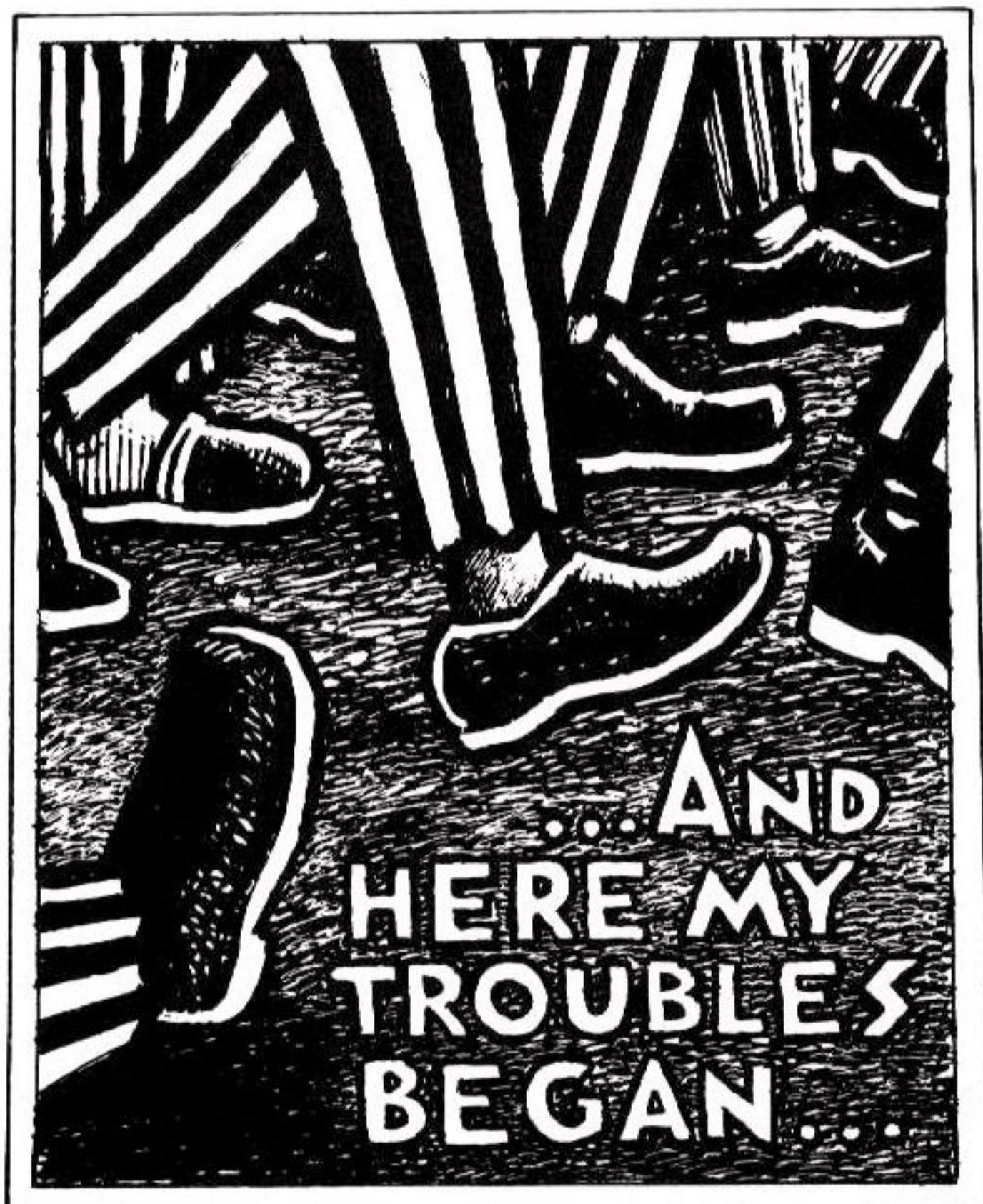




That night...



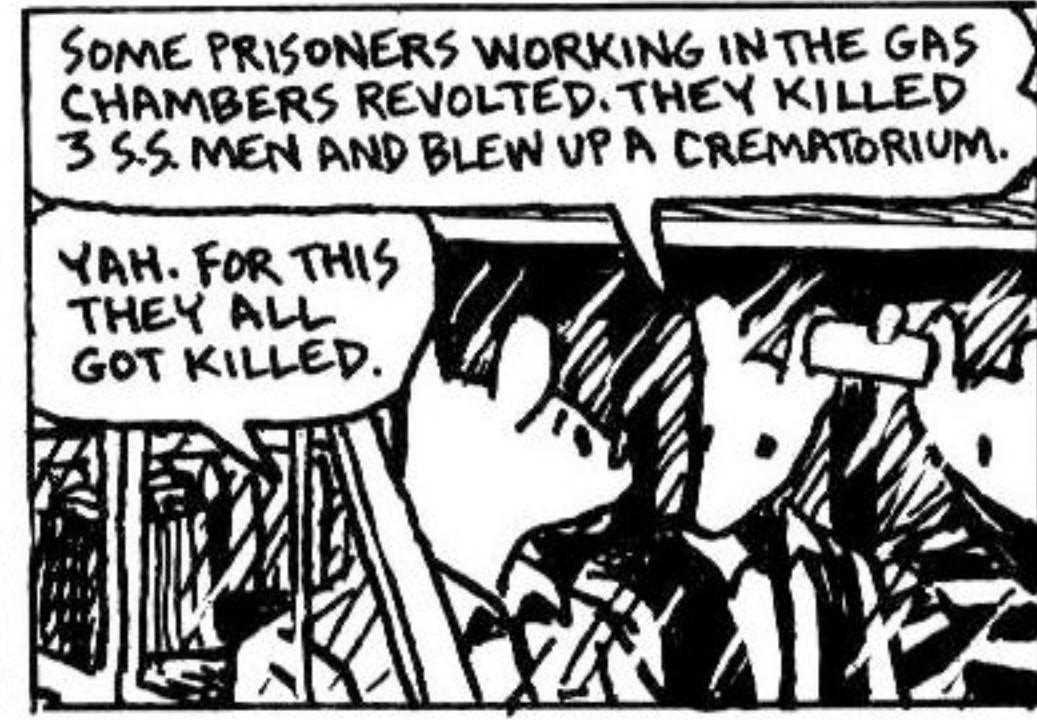
C H A P T E R T H R E E







And so...



A COUPLE WEEKS MORE AND THEY WOULDN'T HANG...
IT WAS VERY NEAR TO THE END, THERE IN AUSCHWITZ.



IF WE CAN JUST STAY
ALIVE A LITTLE BIT
LONGER, THE RUSSIANS
WILL BE HERE.



THE GERMANS ARE
GETTING WORRIED.
THE BIG SHOTS HERE
ARE ALREADY RUNNING
BACK INTO THE REICH.



THEY'RE PLANNING TO
TAKE EVERYBODY HERE
BACK TO CAMPS INSIDE
GERMANY. EVERYBODY!



YOU HAVE A FRIEND
IN THE CAMP LAUNDRY.
HELP US GET CIVILIAN
CLOTHES AND JOIN US.



HE TOOK ME QUICK TO AN ATTIC IN ONE OF THE BLOCKS.

THIS ROOM ISN'T BEING USED ANYMORE.
WHEN THE EVACUATION STARTS, THE
SEVEN OF US WILL COME UP HERE TO HIDE.



WE DIDN'T STAND ON THE LAST APPELS, BUT CAME UP TO THIS ATTIC.



SCREAMING GESTAPO CHASED EVERYWHERE. EACH PRISONER GOT A BREAD, A SAUSAGE AND A KICK OUT, OUT THE GATE, TO MARCH.

THEN THIS GUY FROM THE OFFICE RAN IN...



TERRIBLE NEWS! WE HAVE TO LEAVE!



THEY'RE GOING TO SET FIRE TO THE CAMP AND BOMB ALL THE BLOCKS!

HURRY!

FINALLY THEY DIDN'T BOMB, BUT THIS WE COULDN'T KNOW. WE LEFT BEHIND EVERYTHING, WE WERE SO AFRAID, EVEN THE CIVILIAN CLOTHES WE ORGANIZED. AND RAN OUT!



IT WAS ALREADY NIGHT, THEY GAVE TO EACH OF US A BLANKET AND A LITTLE BIT FOOD TO CARRY, AND WE WENT OUT FROM AUSCHWITZ, MAYBE THE LAST ONE.

ALL NIGHT I HEARD SHOOTING. HE WHO GOT TIRED, WHO CAN'T WALK SO FAST, THEY SHOT.



AND IN THE DAYLIGHT, FAR AHEAD, I SAW IT.



SOMEBODY IS JUMPING, TURNING, ROLLING 25 OR 35 TIMES AROUND. AND STOPS.



WHEN I WAS A BOY OUR NEIGHBOR HAD A DOG WHAT GOT MAD AND WAS BITING.



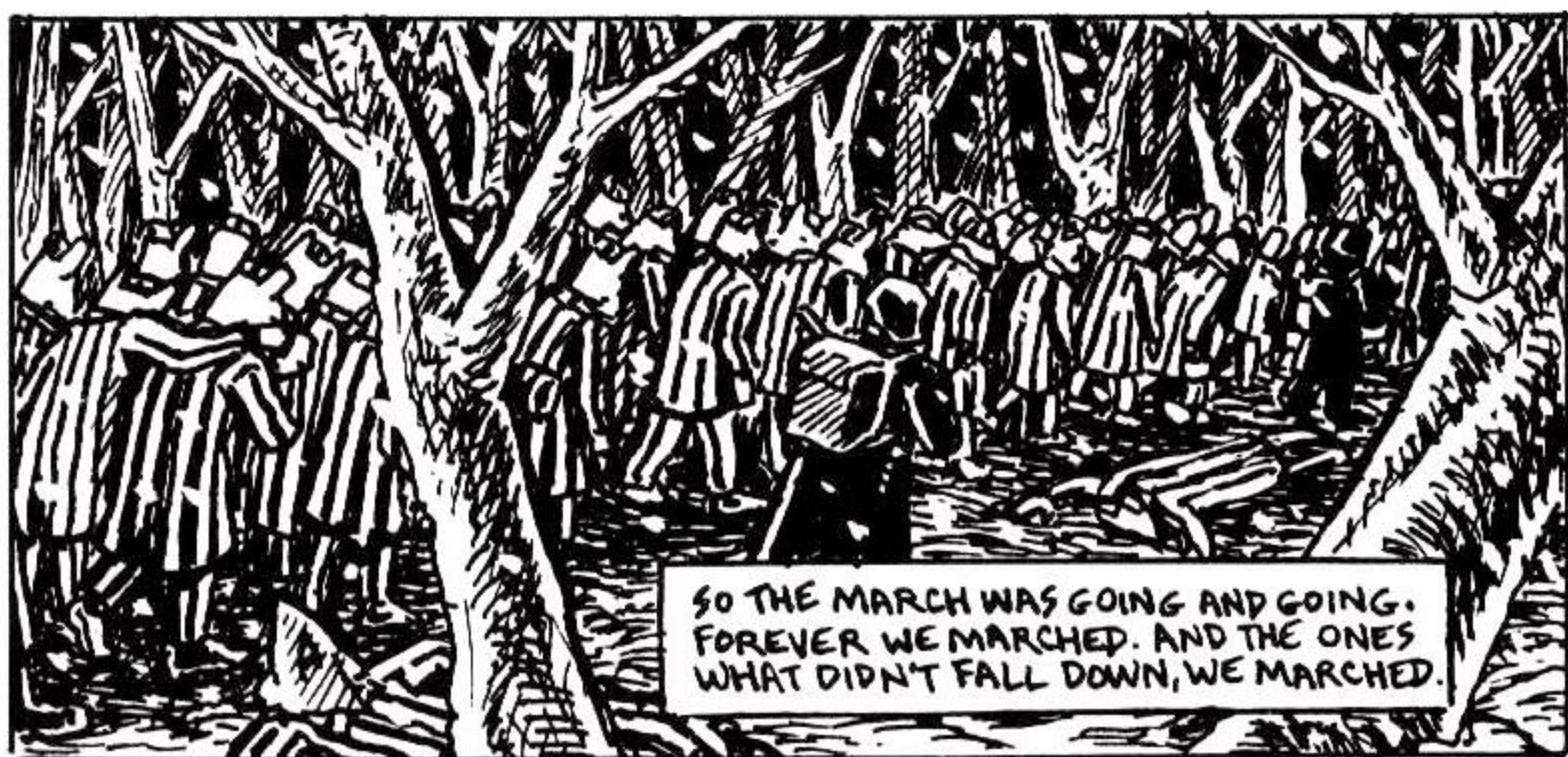
THE DOG WAS ROLLING SO, AROUND AND AROUND, KICKING, BEFORE HE LAY QUIET.



ONE OF THE BOYS WHAT WE WERE IN THE ATTIC TOGETHER, TALKED OVER TO THE GUARD...



ACH. HOW CAN YOU TRUST THE GERMANS?!



AND SO WE CAME OVER TO GROSS-ROSEN. HERE WAS A SMALL CAMP, WITH NO GAS.



EVERYWHERE WAS CONFUSION AND HITTING. TERRIBLE!



MOST COULDN'T EVEN LIFT
THEY WERE WEAK FROM
MARCHING AND NO FOOD.

BEHIND I HEARD YELLING AND SHOUTING. I DIDN'T LOOK.



IN THE MORNING THEY CHASED US TO MARCH AGAIN OUT, WHO KNOWS WHERE...



IT WAS SUCH A TRAIN FOR HORSES, FOR COWS. THEY PUSHED UNTIL IT WAS NO ROOM LEFT.



I PUSHED TO A CORNER
NOT TO GET CRUSHED...



I HAD STILL THE THIN
BLANKET THEY GAVE ME.



IN THIS WAY I CAN REST
AND BREATHE A LITTLE.



SO, THE TRAIN WAS GOING, WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE. FOR DAYS AND NIGHTS, NOTHING



YOU SEE, PEOPLE BEGAN TO DIE, TO FAINT...



IF SOMEONE HAD TO MAKE A URINE OR A BOWEL MOVEMENT, HE DID WHERE HE STOOD.



I ATE MOSTLY SNOW FROM UPON THE ROOF.



SOME HAD SUGAR SOMEHOW, BUT IT BURNED.





THE TRAIN STAYED SO, WITHOUT MOVING, I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG, UP TO A WEEK...



IF THE DEAD HAD BREAD LEFT, OR BETTER SHOES, WE KEPT...

OUTSIDE WERE MANY TRAINS STANDING FOR WEEKS, WHAT THEY NEVER OPENED, AND IT WAS EVERYONE DEAD INSIDE...



THEN THE TRAIN STARTED AGAIN GOING AND GOING...
INSIDE WE WERE MORE DYING AND SOME GOT CRAZY.

THEY OPENED THAT WE WILL
THROW OUT THE DEAD...



THEN THEY CHASED US BACK IN THE TRAIN AGAIN
TO DIE, AND SO THE TRAVEL CONTINUED MORE ...



THIS WAS EARLY FEBRUARY, IN 1945.
IT WAS NO FOOD AND SO CROWDED—

LOOK WHERE YOU GO!

ACH! THE SHOP-RITE
IS THERE, AND YOU
DIDN'T TURN TO IT!

“WHOOSH”



SO, COME. WE'LL GO NOW IN TO
GIVE BACK OUR GROCERIES.

NO WAY! I'M NOT GOING IN TO
RETURN A LOAD OF OPEN BOXES
AND PARTIALLY EATEN FOOD.

WHAT'S TO BE SO ASHAMED?
IT'S FOODS I CAN'T EAT.
YOU WAIT THEN IN THE CAR
WHILE I ARRANGE IT.



Y'KNOW... I'LL BET YOU
THAT ANJA'S NOTEBOOKS
WERE WRITTEN ON BOTH
SIDES OF THE PAGE...

HUH? I CAN'T
REMEMBER.
WHY D'YOU
SAY THAT?

WELL... IF THERE WERE
ANY BLANK PAGES
VLADEK WOULD NEVER
HAVE BURNED THEM.

UH HUH...
HEY! YOU CAN
SEE HIM IN
THE WINDOW!



JEEZ. VLADEK AND
THE MANAGER
ARE SHOUTING
AT EACH OTHER...

NOW THE MAN-
AGER IS JUST
WALKING AWAY
FROM HIM...

AND NOW VLADEK
IS TRAILING
AFTER HIM...

HOW
EMBAR-
RASSING.





WHAT?
RETURNING
GROCERIES?



UH-HUH. BUT
IN SOME
WAYS HE
DIDN'T
SURVIVE.



ARE YOU
KIDDING?



YOO-
HOO!



INCRED-
IBLE!...



OV! GET IN...
WE CAN'T EVER
SHOW OUR FACES
HERE AGAIN.

NOW WE'LL DRIVE BACK SO I CAN PHONE TO MY LAWYER ON MALA.

DACHAU... YOU WERE SAYING IT WAS VERY CROWDED IN THAT CAMP...

YAH-THIS WAS A CAMP-TERRIBLE! I HAD A MISERY, I CAN'T TELL YOU... HERE, IN DACHAU, MY TROUBLES BEGAN.



WE WERE CLOSED IN BARRACKS, SITTING ON STRAW, WAITING ONLY TO DIE.



IN THE STRAW, IT WAS LICE...

FROM THE LICE WAS TYPHUS.

TO EAT WE GOT ONLY BREAD AND SOUP, BUT YOU HAD TO SHOW FIRST YOUR SHIRT...



IF IT WAS ANY LICE, YOU GOT NO SOUP. THIS WAS IMPOSSIBLE. EVERYWHERE WAS LICE!

AND, GOD FORBID, IF SOMEONE GOT SOUP AND SOMEONE SPILLED HIM A DROP...

LIKE WILD ANIMALS THEY WOULD FIGHT UNTIL THERE WAS BLOOD.



YOU CAN'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, TO BE HUNGRY.



FROM THE INFIRMARY I HAD TO GO BACK TO A BAD BARRACK, WHERE WE WERE ALL DAY STANDING OUTSIDE.

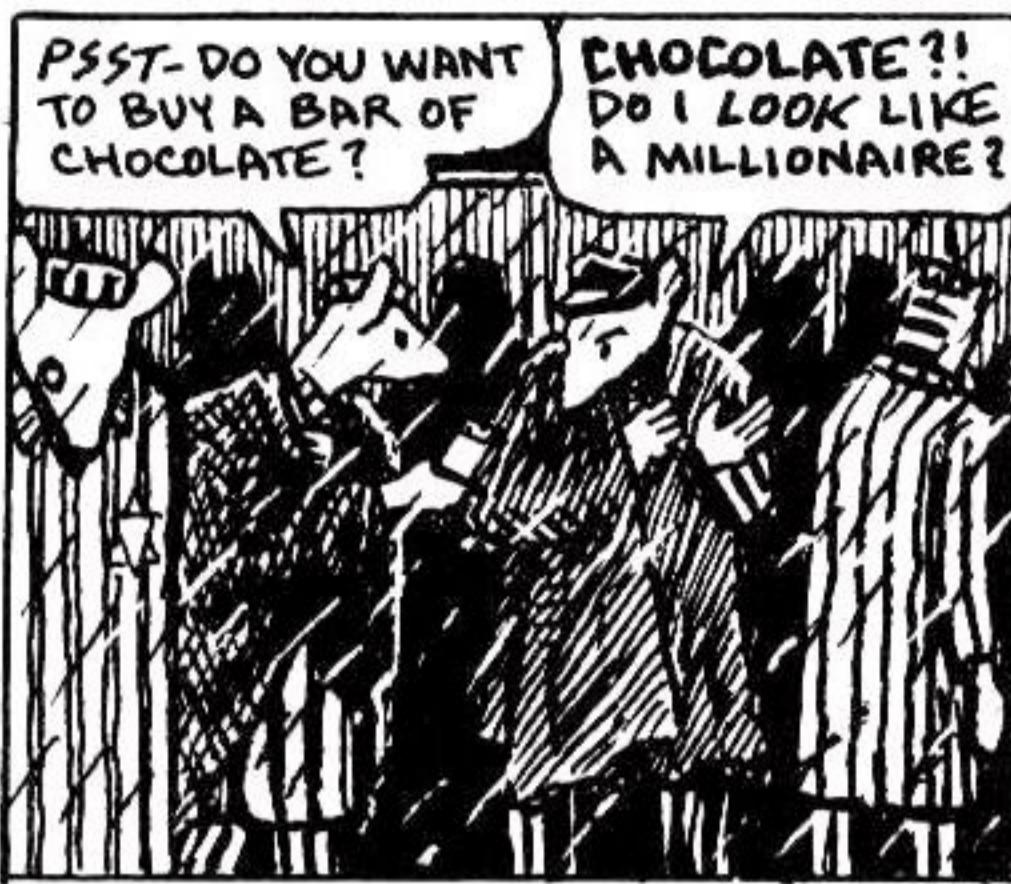


SO, WE TALKED, AND IT MADE THE TIME LIGHTER.

EACH DAY HE FOUND ME, THE FRENCH MAN...



WITH MY NEW FOOD I CAME TO AN IDEA...



IN AUSCHWITZ A SHIRT WAS NOT SO EXPENSIVE, BUT HERE NO GOODS CAME IN.

I CLEANED THE SHIRT VERY, VERY CAREFUL.



I WAS LUCKY TO FIND A PIECE OF PAPER...



I UNWRAPPED ONLY WHEN THEY CALLED TO SOUP...



MY OLD SHIRT I HID TO MY PANTS. I SHOWED THE NEW ONE.



I HELPED THE FRENCH MAN TO ALSO ORGANIZE A SHIRT, SO WE BOTH GOT ALWAYS SOUP.

BUT AFTER A FEW WEEKS
I GOT TOO SICK EVEN TO EAT...

TYPHUS!



I GOT VERY HOT FEVER AND
I COULDN'T SLEEP. TYPHUS!



AT NIGHT I HAD TO GO TO THE TOILET DOWN. IT WAS
ALWAYS FULL, THE WHOLE CORRIDOR, WITH THE DEAD
PEOPLE PILED THERE. YOU COULDN'T GO THROUGH!!!



YOU HAD TO GO ON THEIR HEADS, AND THIS WAS TERRIBLE, BECAUSE IT WAS SO
SLIPPERY, THE SKIN, YOU THOUGHT YOU ARE FALLING. AND THIS WAS EVERY NIGHT.



I WAS ALIVE STILL THE NEXT TIME IT
CAME A GUY FROM THE INFIRMARY...



THERE I LAY TOO WEAK EVEN TO MOVE
OR TO GO TO THE TOILET OUT FROM BED.



THEY GAVE BREAD AND SOUP, BUT I WAS TOO WEAK TO EAT...



HEY! THERE'S STALE
BREAD ALL OVER
THIS ONE'S BED!

WELL, TAKE IT
AWAY... HE'LL
NEVER NEED IT.



I SCREAMED, BUT I COULDN'T SCREAM.



SO I TOOK MY SHOE AND KNOCKED LOUD.



SO... MY FEVER FELL DOWN,
AND SOMETHING NEW CAME.



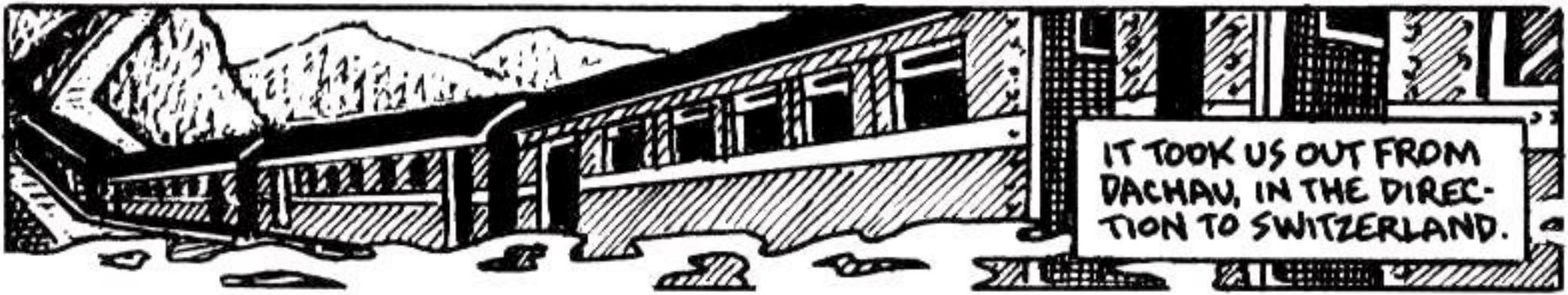
THEY LIKED TO SEND OUT THE SICK ONES,
BUT NOT SO SICK THAT WE ARRIVED DEAD.



BUT I CAME SOMEHOW
OUTSIDE THE GATE...



I THOUGHT THIS TRAIN, IT MUST BE FOR THE GESTAPO, BUT NO!



THANKS. IT'S A HOT DAY FO' WALKIN'.

MÓZ BOŻE! CO SIE STABO JEGO ŻONIE? CZY ONA ZGLUPIŁA? *

*(POLISH:) Oh my God! What's happened to his wife? She's lost her head!!

MAH COUSIN'S PLACE IS JUS' UP TH' ROAD.

PSIA KREW! CHOLERA! TO NIE MOŻLIWE. A SHVARTSER SIEDZI TU ZE MNA! *

*(POLISH:) @!@!! I just can't believe it! There's a SHVARTSER sitting in here!

Y'ALL TAKE CARE NOW, AN' BE GOOD.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOU, FRANCOISE?
YOU WENT CRAZY, OR WHAT?!

I HAD THE WHOLE TIME TO WATCH OUT THAT THIS SHVARTSER DOESN'T STEAL US THE GROCERIES FROM THE BACK SEAT!

WHAT?!

THAT'S OUTRAGEOUS!
HOW CAN YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE,
BE SUCH A RACIST! YOU TALK
ABOUT BLACKS THE WAY THE
NAZIS TALKED ABOUT THE JEWS!

ACH!...

I THOUGHT REALLY YOU ARE MORE SMART THAN THIS, FRANÇOISE...
IT'S NOT EVEN TO COMPARE.
THE SHVARTSERS AND THE JEWS!

BUT, HOW DARE YOU GENERALIZE
AND SAY ALL BLACKS STEAL! IT'S

JUST STOP, YES?
YOU ONLY DON'T
KNOW THEM!!!

WHEN FIRST I CAME TO NEW YORK I
WORKED IN THE GARMENT CENTER.
BEFORE THIS I DIDN'T SEE COLOREDS...

BUT THERE IT WAS SHVARTSERS EVERY-
WHERE, AND IF I PUT DOWN ONLY FOR
ONE SECOND MY VALUABLES, THEY TOOK!



AH!... YOU SEE, KIDS...
WE'RE HOME SWEET
HOME ALREADY...

...NOW WE CAN MAKE A VERY HAPPY
LUNCH FROM ALL MY NEW GROCERIES.

ONLY THANK GOD THAT YOUR
SHVARTSER DIDN'T TAKE THEM.



C H A P T E R F O U R



Back in Rego Park. Late Autumn ...





BUT HOW
DID ANJA
SURVIVE?

MANCIE-THE HUNGARIAN
GIRL WHAT I KNEW THERE
IN AUSCHWITZ-SHE KEPT
ANJA CLOSE BY TO HER.

AFTER THE WAR I LOOKED ALWAYS
FOR MANCIE, TO GIVE A NICE RE-
WARD, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW EVEN HER
FULL NAME, AND I NEVER FOUND!

MOM USED TO MENTION
RANENSBRUCK. WAS
MANCIE WITH HER THERE?

YAH...
MAYBE
IT WAS
THERE...

I KNOW ONLY THAT ANJA CAME OUT
FREE BY THE RUSSIAN SIDE AND SHE
CAME BACK TO SOSNOWIEC BEFORE
ME. MY LIBERATION, IT TOOK LONGER...

IT WAS THE LAST MINUTES
OF THE WAR, I LEFT DACHAU...

I REMEMBER WE GOT EACH A TREASURE BOX FROM
THE SWISS RED CROSS: SARDINES! BISCUITS! CHOCOLATE!

I WENT TO BE EX-
CHANGED FOR GER-
MAN PRISONERS ON
THE SWISS BORDER
BUT WE NEVER CAME.

SOME ATE RIGHT AWAY EVERYTHING.
I KEPT, OF COURSE, TO HAVE LATER.

SO, AT NIGHT, SOME TRIED TO STEAL FROM ME...

HEY!

WITH MY TYPHUS I NEEDED STILL MUCH TO REST, BUT
THIS TREASURE WAS MORE TO ME THAN SLEEPING.



WE MARCH. WE STOP. FOR HOURS WE STOOD.



IT WAS COMMOTIONS AND RUMORS THEN SHOUTS:

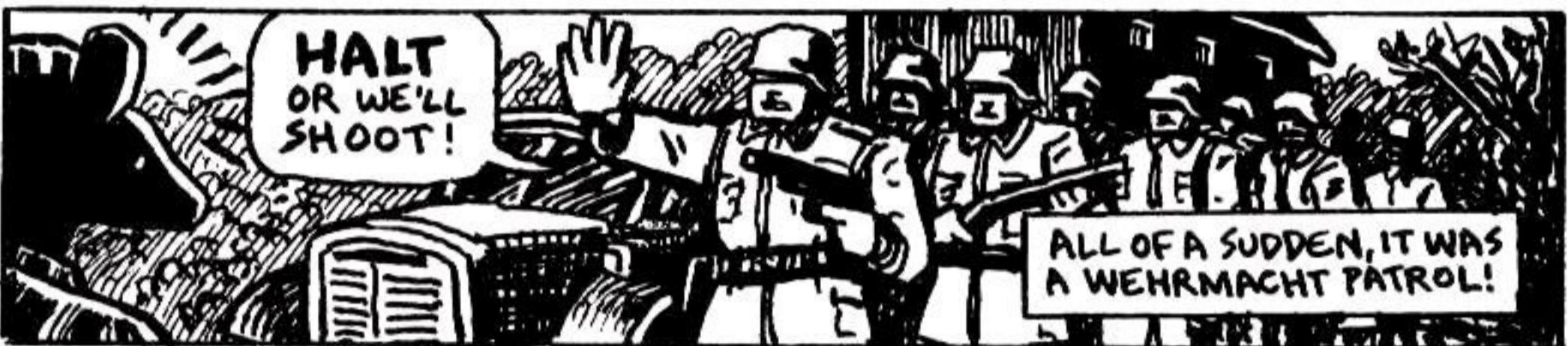


IN A HALF HOUR THIS TRAIN STOPPED

HEY! THE AMERICANS AREN'T HERE!

WHY WAIT? LET'S GO!

SOME WENT ONE WAY, SOME ANOTHER...



LITTLE BY LITTLE THEY GOT ALL OF US WHAT WERE GOING TO BE FREE,
MAYBE 150 OR 200 PEOPLE OVER IN THE WOODS, BY A BIG LAKE ...



THEY GUARDED SO WE COULDN'T GO AWAY.

THERE ARE MACHINE GUNS
SET UP ALL AROUND US!



IN THE LATER AFTERNOON I WENT OVER CLOSE TO THE EDGE OF THE WATER ...

VLADEK SPIEGELMAN! IS THAT YOU?! SHIVEK?! YOU'RE ALIVE?



SHIVEK WAS FROM BEFORE THE WAR, A FRIEND FROM BEDZIN, NEAR SOSNOWIEC.

WE SURVIVED EVERYTHING JUST TO GET SHOT WHILE THE WAR ENDS!

I STILL HAVE A LITTLE COFFEE I ORGANIZED. LET'S MAKE A LAST CUP.



LOOK!
GET HIM!

SPLASH



ONE OLDER GUY, HE WAS MAYBE 50, JUMPED TO THE LAKE. IT WAS A FAR SWIM.

KBANG!
KBANG!



JUST STAY NEAR THE WATER.
WE CAN ALWAYS TRY IT WHEN
THE REAL SHOOTING STARTS.

SO IT CAME NIGHT. WE WERE TERRIBLE FRIGHTENED. WE SAT AND WAITED.



IT WAS CRYING AND PRAYING. SO LONG WE SURVIVED, AND NOW WE WAITED ONLY THAT THEY SHOOT, BECAUSE WE HAD NOT ELSE TO DO.

IN THE EARLY MORNING
WE WERE STILL ALL ALIVE.

THEY'RE GONE!

IT'S A MIRACLE!
THERE'S NOT ONE
GERMAN LEFT -
JUST THEIR GUNS!

WHAT
HAP-
PENED?

I WAS LYING NEAR THE
HEAD OFFICER'S TENT -
HIS GIRLFRIEND WAS
ARGUING WITH HIM...

SHE BEGGED HIM TO LET US GO. SHE
WARNED HIM HE'D BE PUNISHED.

"THE WAR IS OVER," SHE CRIED.
"LET'S RUN AWAY!" SHE SAVED US!

SOME, WE WENT ONE WAY, SOME ANOTHER.

MAYBE WE CAN GET FOOD
AT ONE OF THESE FARMS.

HALT!

ON THE ROAD WAS
ANOTHER PATROL,
ALSO CATCHING JEWS.

SO WE HAD AGAIN THE SAME STORY. THEY FOUND
40 OR 50 OF US, AND CLOSED US TO A BIG BARN.

WE HEARD ALL NIGHT SHOOTING
IN THE MOUNTAINS AROUND...

KPOK
KPOK
KPOK

OUR GUARDS...
THEY ALL
RAN AWAY!

SO THIS NEXT MORNING WE
WERE STILL AGAIN ALIVE!

COME, SHIVEK. LET'S
FIND A BUNKER UNTIL
THINGS QUIET DOWN.

WE CAME BY A GARAGE. SO I WENT OVER...

PLEASE, SIR. WE NEED
A PLACE TO HIDE 'TIL THE
AMERICANS GET HERE.

GO AWAY!
I DON'T
WANT TO
GET INVOLVED!

HAVE PITY.
IT'S JUST
FOR A DAY
OR TWO...

WELL... THERE'S A PIT IN
THE BACK. IT'S NONE OF
MY BUSINESS IF YOU
WANT TO LIE IN IT!



OVER A DAY WE LAY THERE.
THEN TWO WEHRMACHT CAME.

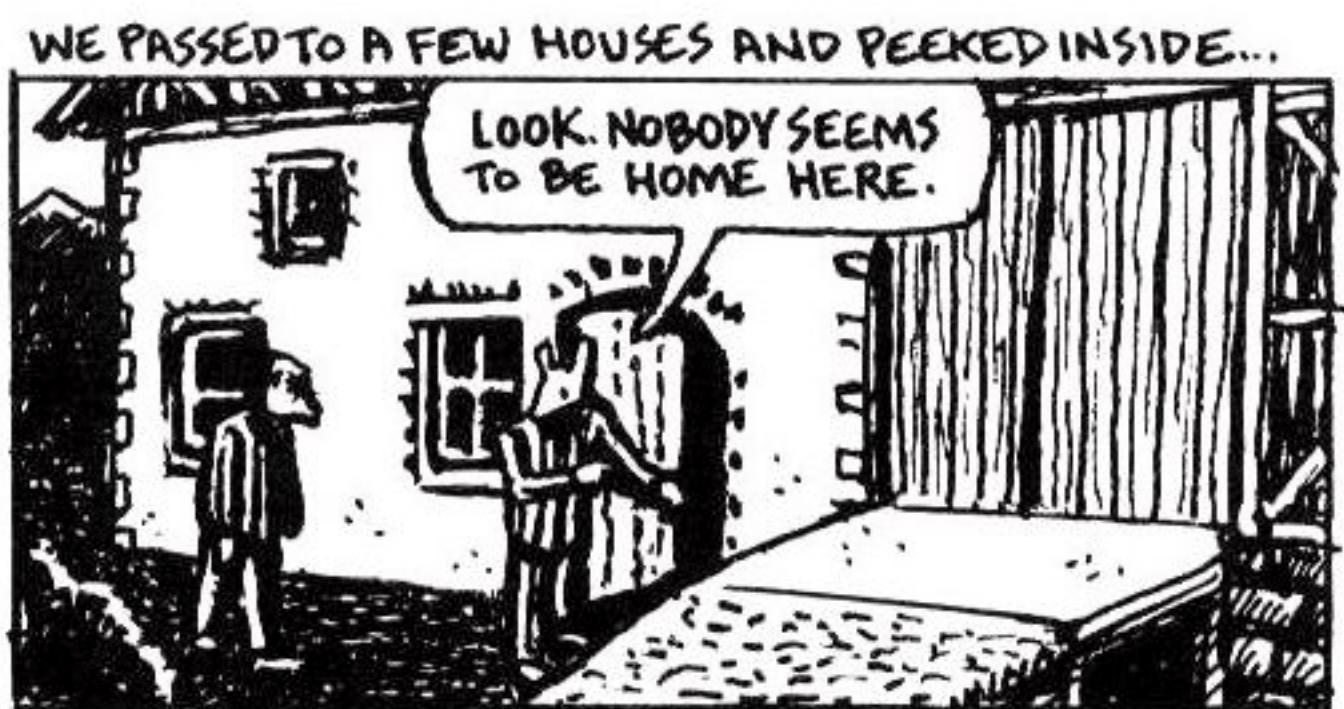
HEY! WHICH WAY
IS INNSBRUCK?

THAT WAY,
OFFICER.

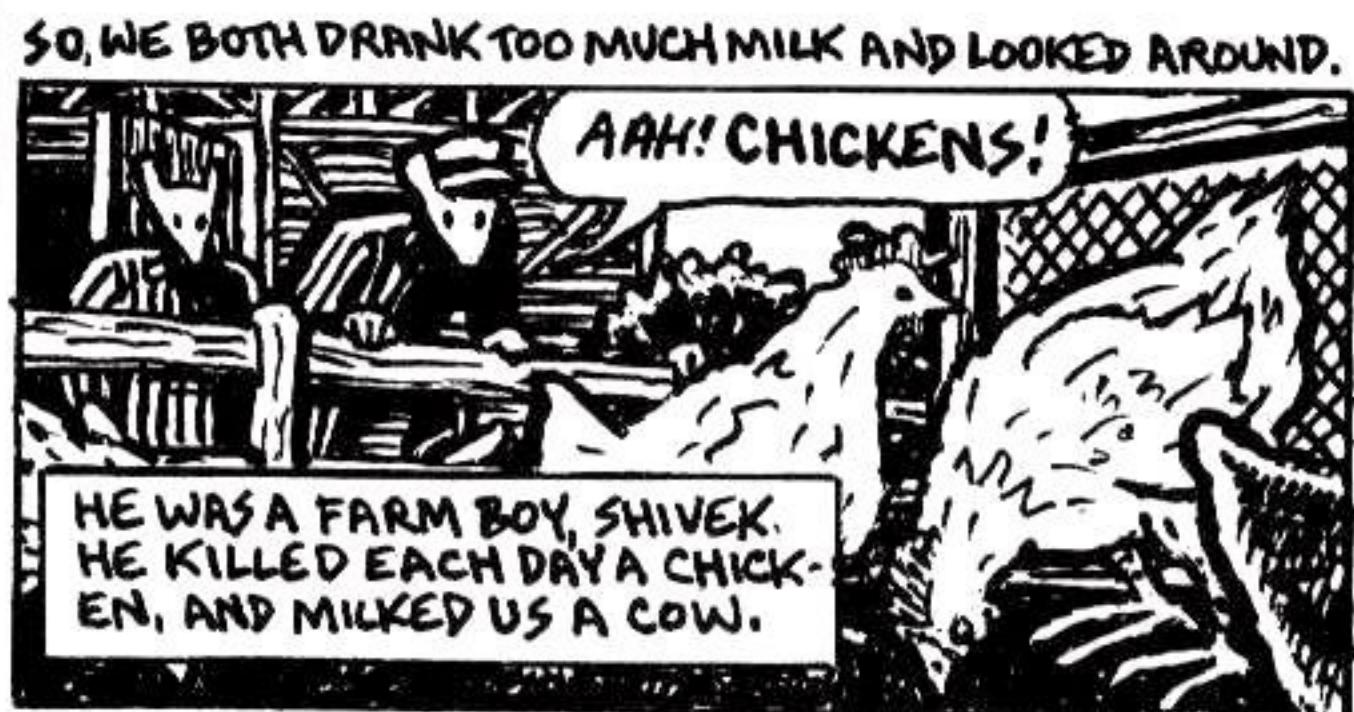
BUT WAIT - TWO JEWS
ARE BACK THERE.
HIDING IN A PIT!



THEY WERE IN SO BIG
A HURRY TO RUN, THEY
DIDN'T EVEN LOOK TO US.



I WENT MYSELF TO THE EMPTY HOUSE.



I TOLD EVERYTHING HOW WE SURVIVED TO HERE...

...AND FROM DACHAU WE
CAME OVER BY TRAIN TO-

BANG! ALL!

THAT'S JUST MY MEN
SIGNALING THAT
THEY FOUND A CACHE
OF GERMAN AMMO...

THOSE KRAUTS CAN'T
HURT YOU ANYMORE.
THE ONLY ONES LEFT
ARE DEAD OR DYING.

THIS HOUSE WILL
BE PART OF OUR
BASE CAMP...

BUT I GUESS YOU BOYS
CAN STAY IF YOU KEEP
THE JOINT CLEAN AND
MAKE OUR BEDS.

WANT
SOME
CHOCO-
LATE?
M-MAYBE
FOR LATER.
THANK YOU.

SO WE WORKED FOR
THE AMERICANS AND
THEY LIKED ME THAT
I CAN SPEAK ENGLISH.

THANKS FOR THE
SHINE, WILLIE.

IT'S OKAY, SERGEANT.
DON'T EVEN MENTION.

THEY GAVE TO US FOOD CANS AND
GIFTS AND CALLED TO ME "WILLIE."

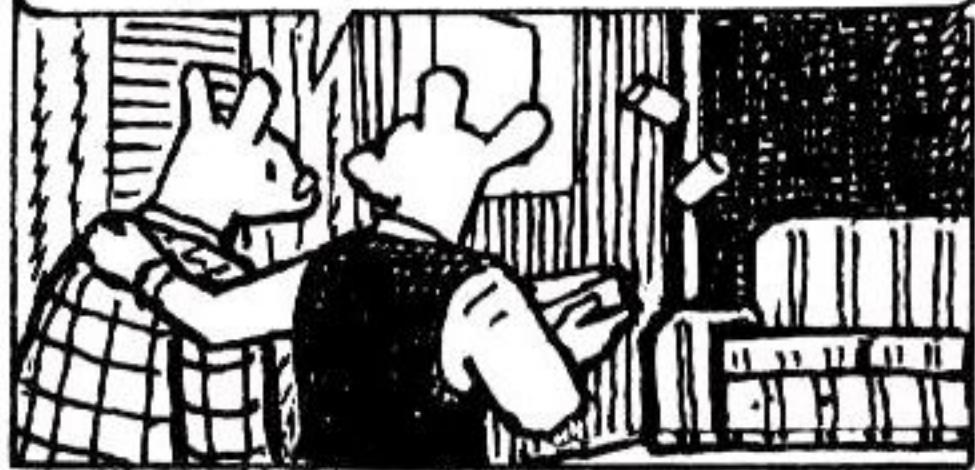
ONE TIME IT CAME A WOMAN WITH OFFICIALS TO THE HOUSE.





YAH, HE WAS ANJA'S OLDEST BROTHER. HE RAN, IN LODZ, THE FAMILY HOSIERY FACTORY.

IN 1939 HE AND HELA CAME TO SEE THE WORLD FAIR, AND STAYED HERE THE WAR. IN 1950 - YOU WERE A BABY - WE CAME ALSO HERE, FROM STOCKHOLM TO HIS HOUSE.



I LIKED BETTER TO STAY IN SWEDEN - I HAD AGAIN A GOOD BUSINESS - BUT ANJA INSISTED TO BE WITH THE ONLY SURVIVING ONE OF ALL HER FAMILY.



AND - OY - WHEN HERMAN DIED FROM A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER IN 1964, ANJA STARTED THE AL ALSO TO DIE A LITTLE.



Herman. Norristown, Pa. 1957

SO HERE IT'S THEIR TWO KIDS, LOLEK AND LONIA, WHAT STAYED BY US, IN SOSNOWIEC, IN THE WAR.



LOLEK, YOU KNOW HE THEN CAME OUT ALIVE FROM AUSCHWITZ, SO NOW HE'S AN ENGINEER AND A BIG-SHOT COLLEGE PROFESSOR.



THE LITTLE GIRL, SHE FINISHED WITH RICHIEU IN THE GHETTO.



THIS BROTHER OF ANJA, JOSEF, HE WAS A SIGN PAINTER, A COMMERCIAL ARTIST, ALWAYS SHE SAID YOU RESEMBLE.



Josef. Lodz. 1934

HE HAD, IN LODZ, A GIRLFRIEND - A BEAUTY - BUT SHE LIKED MONEY AND NIGHTCLUBS. THEN THE GERMANS TOOK AWAY THE FACTORY FROM ANJA'S FAMILY.



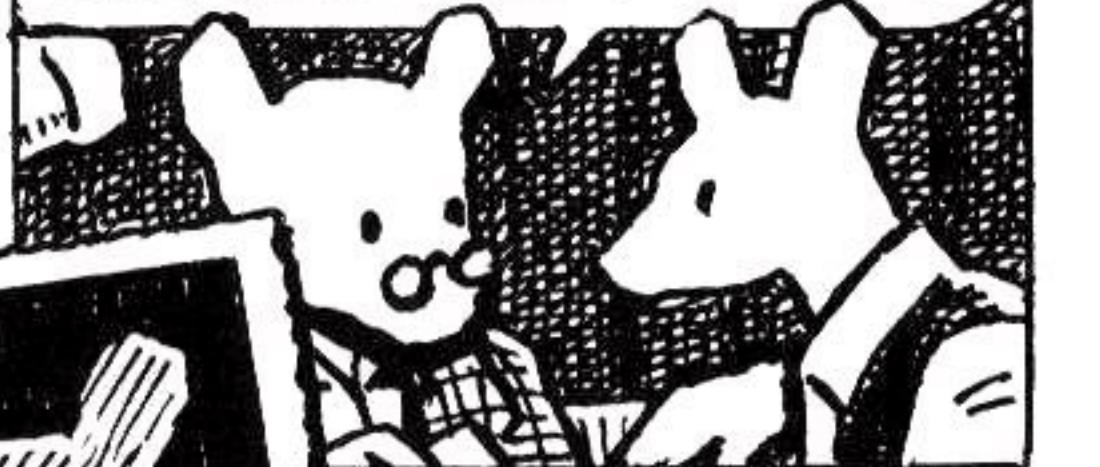
SO HE HAD LESS MONEY AND SHE LEFT HIM, AND HE KILLED HIMSELF.



THE MIDDLE BROTHER, LEVEK, HE RAN WITH HIS WIFE TO RUSSIA WHEN THE WAR CAME, BUT WHEN HE SAW HOW IT WAS THERE, HE WANTED TO RUN BACK.



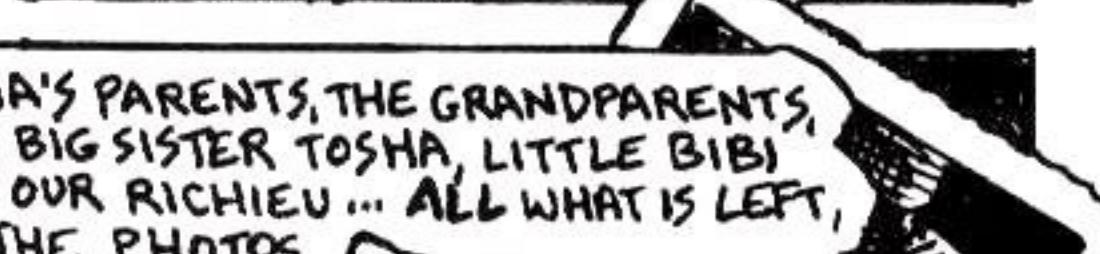
THOSE WHO RAN TO RUSSIA, THEY PUT TO SIBERIA AS TRAITORS, BUT TO SMUGGLE BACK OVER THE BORDERS COST A FORTUNE. I SENT SOME MONEY ...



IN '38, WHEN I NEEDED CASH TO MY FACTORY, HE GAVE. SO NOW I HELPED HIM COME BACK TO HIS WIFE'S FAMILY ... TO WARSAW.



IN WARSAW, YOU KNOW HOW IT WAS. IF THEY STAYED ONLY IN RUSSIA, THEY STILL NOW COULD MAYBE BE ALIVE.



ANJA'S PARENTS, THE GRANDPARENTS, HER BIG SISTER TOSHA, LITTLE BIBI AND OUR RICHIEU ... ALL WHAT IS LEFT, IT'S THE PHOTOS.



WHAT ABOUT YOUR SIDE OF THE FAMILY?

MY SIDE?... MY FATHER, AND FELA, AND HER 4 KIDS, I TOLD YOU GOT TAKEN IN '42.

ZOSHA AND YADJA, MY YOUNGER SISTERS, HAD ONLY 1 KID EACH, AND CAME WITH ME INTO THE GHETTO BEFORE THEY ALL DIED LATER TO AUSCHWITZ.

MARCUS, MY CLOSEST BROTHER, AND MOSES, WENT TO A CAMP, TO BLECHAMER, SOON AFTER I CAME OUT FROM THE ARMY.

I SENT THEM MONEY BY THE RED CROSS... I HID IT INTO BREAD.

I WROTE THEM: "THIS BREAD, IT'S EXPENSIVE. EAT IT VERY SLOW AND CAREFUL." I MET AFTER THE WAR A GUY, HE SAW THEM DIE, BUT WOULDN'T TELL ME HOW.

MY OTHER BROTHERS, LEON AND PINEK, THEY DESERTED OUT FROM THE POLISH ARMY TO LEMBERG, IN RUSSIA...

A FAMILY OF PEASANT JEWS KEPT THEM SAFE. PINEK, HE MARRIED ONE OF THEM, BUT LEON GOT SICK. DOCTORS SAID IT'S TYPHUS, AND HE DIED OF A BAD APPENDIX.

SO ONLY MY LITTLE BROTHER, PINEK, CAME OUT FROM THE WAR ALIVE... FROM THE REST OF MY FAMILY, IT'S NOTHING LEFT, NOT EVEN A SNAPSHOT.

THESE PHOTOS WE GOT FROM RICHIEU'S POLISH GOVERNESS. WE GAVE HER OUR VALUABLE THINGS TO HOLD UNTIL THE WAR IS OVER.



BUT AFTERWARD SHE SAID, "ALL THESE VALUABLES, THE NAZIS GRABBED AWAY." WE DIDN'T BELIEVE, BUT THE PICTURES AT LEAST, SHE GAVE BACK.



CAN I TAKE THESE HOME?

YAH. IT'S FOR YOU. BUT, WAIT- I'LL PUT THEM TO AN ENVELOPE...

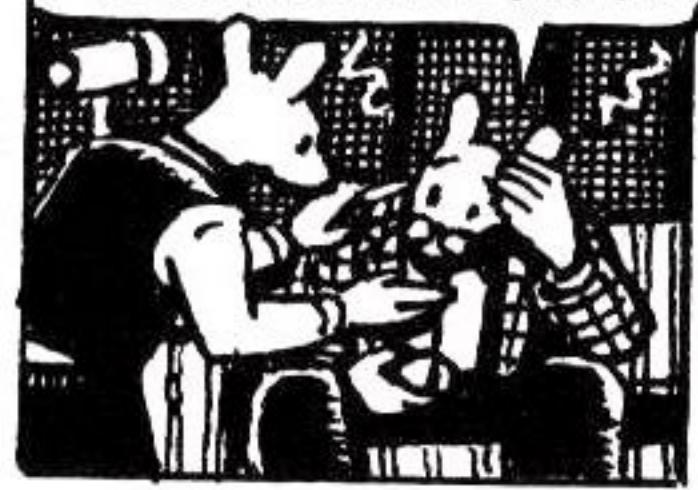


THE CIGAR BOX I CAN NEED FOR-

AKKH!



WHOO-YOU SEE! MY NITRO-STAT HELPS ME RIGHT AWAY. BUT I TALKED TOO MUCH. I'LL LIE A LITTLE DOWN.



UM-WHAT ABOUT THE STORM WINDOWS?

ALONE YOU CAN'T KNOW HOW TO DO, AND I'M NOW TOO TIRED FOR THIS. MAYBE TOMORROW WE'LL DO.



IMPOSSIBLE. I'M TOO BUSY! I'LL COME OUT AGAIN NEXT WEEK.

ACH. THEN NOW WE MUST DO IT. I'LL-UNNE



GREAT-HAVE ANOTHER HEART ATTACK! LOOK, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO PAY A BIT MORE FOR HEAT A FEW DAYS LONGER.



I'M -UH- SORRY I MADE YOU TALK SO MUCH, POP.

SO, NEVER MIND, DARLING. ALWAYS IT'S A PLEASURE WHEN YOU VISIT.



C H A P T E R F I V E



Winter...







Next morning...



WHY DID YOU WANT TO LEAVE POLAND?

PSSH. IT WAS NOTHING ANYMORE THERE FOR US AFTER THE WAR. NOTHING.

WE WANTED HERE TO COME, TO UNCLE HERMAN, BUT HERE WAS QUOTAS, SO HERMAN HELPED US TO HAVE A VISA OVER TO STOCKHOLM TO WAIT.

DID YOU WORK THERE?

AND NOW I WORKED-HARD LABORS...

I LIFTED AND CARRIED ALL DAY HEAVY BOXES. ONLY SUCH JOBS IT WAS FOR REFUGEES.

BUT I WAS STRONG THEN NOT SO LIKE NOW... AND I LOOKED TO GET IN A BETTER BUSINESS.

ONE DEPARTMENT STORE THERE, A JEW OWNED IT. I WENT TO HIM...

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SEE YOU FOR WEEKS!

BUT MR. SPIEGELMAN - WE DON'T NEED ANYMORE SALESMEN! ...

BESIDES, YOU CAN HARDLY SPEAK SWEDISH!

IN YIDDISH WE SPOKE.

I SOLD TEXTILES AND HOSIERY IN POLAND, BUT I CAN SELL ANYTHING!

GIVE ME SOMETHING NO ONE CAN SELL - I JUST NEED A CHANCE!

HOSIERY? HMM... WE'RE STUCK WITH A WAREHOUSE FULL OF UNFASHIONABLE KNEE-LENGTH STOCKINGS, BUT NOBODY-

PERFECT!



Late that night...



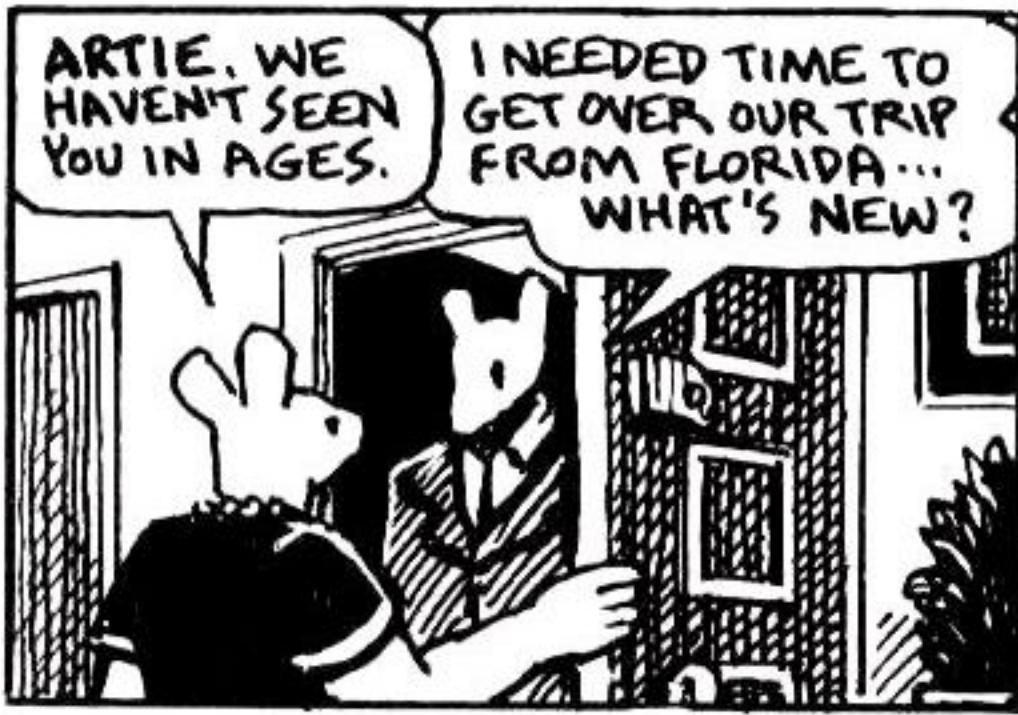
A half hour later...



LaGuardia Hospital...



A month or so later...





SO, IT CAME AN ORDER... WE ALL CAME OVER TO GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN.



IN THIS DP CAMP, I HAD IT EASY...

HURRY, VLADEK! WE CAN
EARN SOME CHOCOLATES!

OKAY! WE SPEAK
ENGLISH! OKAY!!

SHIVEK, HE COULDN'T SPEAK
EVEN POLISH-JUST YIDDISH.

WE CARRIED MANY GOODIES WHEN
FINALLY WE GOT OUR I.D. PAPERS TO GO.

WE WANT TICK-
ETS TO HANNOVER. TICKETS??...

I DON'T KNOW IF THERE
ARE EVEN ANY TRACKS!

THAT FREIGHT MAY
BE HEADING NORTH.

TRAINS STOPPED AND STARTED AND HAD TO CHANGE OFTEN DIRECTIONS...

LOOK, SHIVEK-
NUREMBERG.

I SCRUBBED STREETS
HERE AS A P.O.W...

NOW IT WAS ONLY STONES AND NOTHING.

WE CAME TO ONE PLACE, WÜRZBURG-WHAT A MESS!

WE CAME AWAY HAPPY.

WHERE CAN WE FIND
WATER?

HAH! WE HAVEN'T
HAD ANY WATER
IN THREE DAYS!

THE AMERICANS
DESTROYED-SOB-
EVERYTHING!

NOT ONE BUILDING
WAS STILL STANDING.

LET THE GERMANS
HAVE A LITTLE WHAT
THEY DID TO THE JEWS.

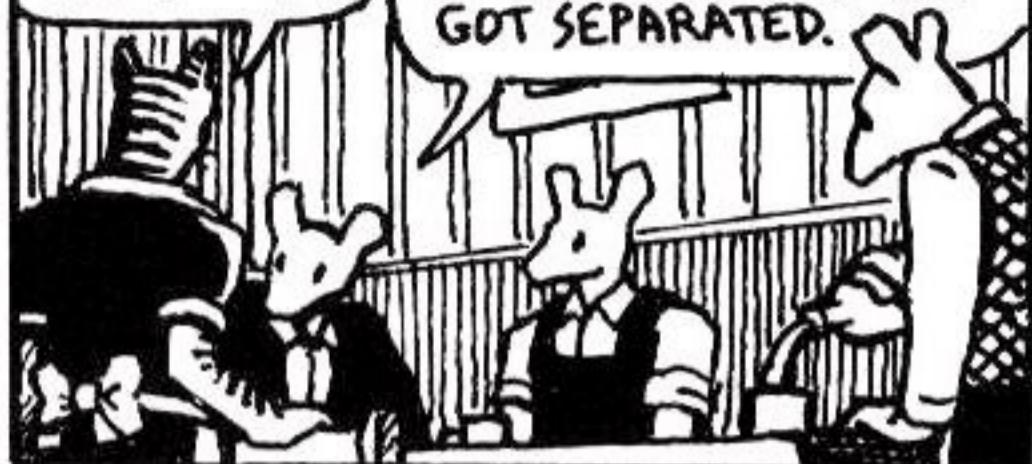
WE ARRIVED FINALLY TO HANNOVER...

THE KIDS CAN SHARE ONE BEDROOM.
YOU TWO CAN HAVE THE OTHER ...



DO YOU KNOW
WHERE ANY
OF YOUR
FAMILY IS?

I'LL GO TO POLAND TO
SEE IF ANYONE'S LEFT.
WE PLANNED TO MEET
IN SOSNOWIEC IF WE
GOT SEPARATED.



I SENT A LETTER TO THE JEWISH
COMMUNITY CENTER THERE, FOR MY
WIFE, BUT - SHE CAN'T STILL BE ALIVE...
I SAW HER IN AUSCHWITZ LAST YEAR ...



SHE WAS
SO THIN...
SO WEAK...

YOU MIGHT GET NEWS ABOUT
YOUR FAMILY AT THE BIG DP
CAMP AT BELSEN. JEWS ARE
FLOODING IN FROM ALL OVER.



IT WASN'T FAR, SO I WENT FOR A FEW DAYS TO BELSEN.
ONE MORNING A CROWD ARRIVED IN, WITH TWO GIRLS
WHAT I KNEW A LITTLE FROM MY HOME TOWN ...



WE JUST
CAME FROM
POLAND...
WE WERE
LUCKY TO
GET OUT!...



WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T
GO BACK TO SOSNOWIEC.
THE POLES ARE STILL
KILLING JEWS THERE!



REMEMBER THE GELBERS?
THEY OWNED THE BIG
BAKERY IN SOSNOWIEC...



"ONE OF THE SONS SURVIVED AND CAME BACK HOME...

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

THIS IS MY FAMILY'S HOUSE.
I'M GELBER!



WE THOUGHT HITLER
FINISHED YOU OFF!



GO AWAY, JEW! THIS
IS OUR BAKERY NOW!



"HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.
HE SPENT THE NIGHT IN THE
SHED BEHIND HIS HOUSE..."



"THE POLES WENT IN. THEY BEAT HIM AND HANGED HIM.



HIS BROTHER CAME FROM
THE CAMPS A DAY LATER,
AND ONLY STAYED LONG
ENOUGH TO BURY HIM...



STOP IT!...I
DON'T WANT
TO HEAR
ANY MORE!

JUST TELL ME.
DID YOU HEAR
ANYTHING
ABOUT ANJA?

I SAW HER! SHE DIDN'T
TRY TO GET HER PRO-
PERTY BACK. THE POLES
LEAVE HER ALONE.





ANJA WENT A FEW TIMES EACH DAY OVER TO THE JEWISH ORGANIZATION...



SO SHE SAT HOME EVEN MORE DEPRESSED, UNTIL...



ANJA! GUESS WHAT! A LETTER FROM YOUR HUSBAND JUST CAME!



HE'S IN GERMANY... HE'S HAD TYPHUS!

IT'S JUST LIKE THE GYPSY SAID.



AND HERE'S A PICTURE OF HIM! MY GOD-VLADEK IS REALLY ALIVE!



I PASSED ONCE A PHOTO PLACE WHAT HAD A CAMP UNIFORM-A NEW AND CLEAN ONE- TO MAKE SOUVENIR PHOTOS...



ANJA KEPT THIS PICTURE ALWAYS. I HAVE IT STILL NOW IN MY DESK! HUH? WHERE DO YOU GO?

I NEED THAT PHOTO IN MY BOOK!





WE WENT, SOMETIMES BY FOOT, SOMETIMES BY TRAIN.



DONE PLACE WE STOPPED, HOURS, HOURS AND HOURS.



I MARKED OUR TRAIN CAR, BUT WHEN I CAME IN AN HOUR BACK, IT WAS GONE TO ANOTHER TRACK



SHIVEK WENT BACK TO HANNOVER TO FIND ME AGAIN...



WHEN I CAME FINALLY TO SOSNOWIEC,
I HAVE SEEN VERY LITTLE JEWS AROUND.



THERE IT WAS PEOPLE WHAT KNEW ME.



SPIEGELMAN

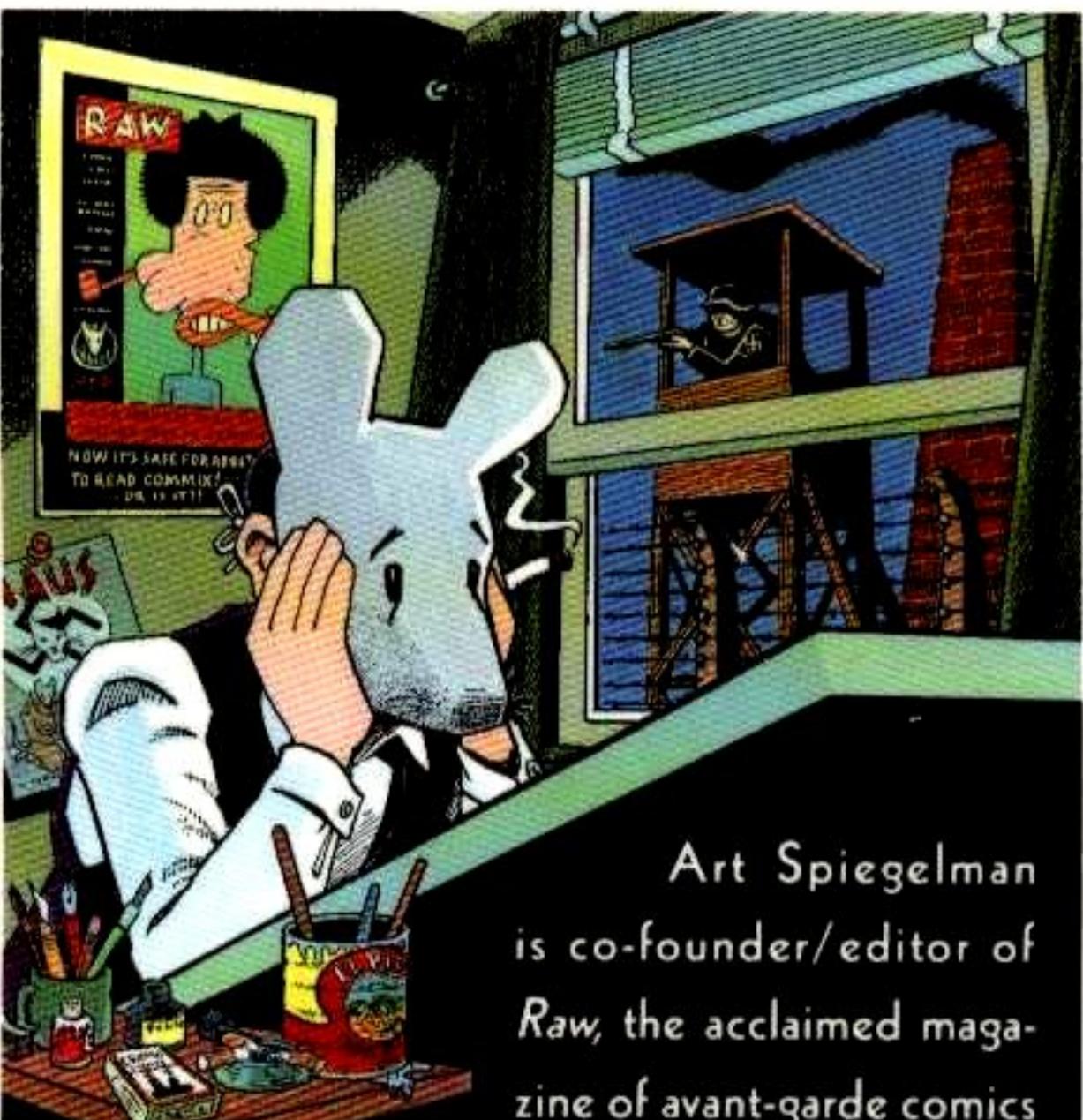
VLADEK	ANJA
OCT. 11, 1906	MAR. 15, 1912
AUG. 18, 1982	AUG. 21, 1968

— art spiegelman → 1978-1991



Maus is a book that cannot be put down, truly, even to sleep. When two of the mice speak of love, you are moved; when they suffer, you weep. Slowly through this little tale comprised of suffering, humor and life's daily trials, you are captivated by the language of an old Eastern European family, and drawn into the gentle and mesmerizing rhythm, and when you finish *Maus*, you are unhappy to have left that magical world and long for the sequel that will return you to it.

— Umberto Eco



Art Spiegelman is co-founder/editor of *Raw*, the acclaimed magazine of avant-garde comics and graphics. His work has been published in the *New York Times*, *Playboy*, the *Village Voice*, and many other periodicals, and his drawings have been exhibited in museums and galleries here and abroad. Honors he has received for *Maus* include a Guggenheim fellowship, and nomination for the National Book Critics Circle Award. Mr. Spiegelman lives in New York City with his wife, Françoise Mouly, and their daughter, Nadja.

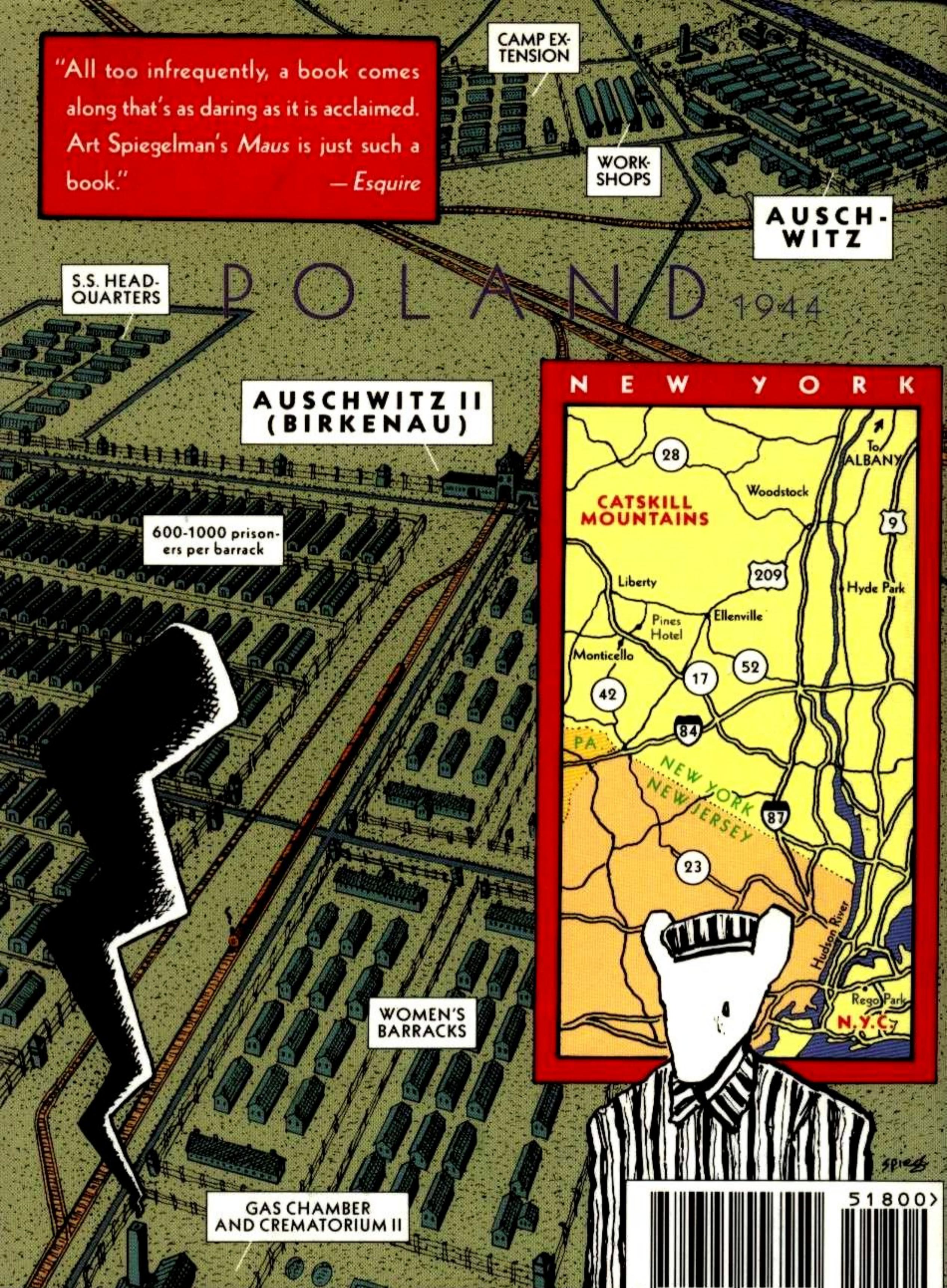
Jacket illustration by Art Spiegelman

Pantheon Books, New York

91/91 Printed in the U.S.A. © 1991 Random House Inc.

"All too infrequently, a book comes along that's as daring as it is acclaimed. Art Spiegelman's *Maus* is just such a book."

—Esquire



"AN EPIC STORY TOLD IN TINY PICTURES." — NEW YORK TIMES

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